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# THE SONG

BY GEORGE P. UPTON

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# THE SONG

## ITS BIRTH, EVOLUTION, AND FUNCTIONS

*With numerous Selections from  
old English Lyrics*

By GEORGE P. UPTON

Author of "The Standard Operas," "The Standard Concert Guide,"  
"Standard Concert Repertory," etc., etc.



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1915

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Published March, 1915

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## PREFACE

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THE purpose of the writer has not been to make a collection of songs, which would have been an almost endless task, or to write their biographies, but rather to set forth briefly the origin of song and its development among various peoples; to examine the different classes of song, with brief references to prominent examples; to define their characteristics, and to illustrate the investigation by selections of a few in each class which are perennials in the garden of song.

In carrying out this scheme he has confined his selections and classes to songs in the English tongue, making little reference to songs of other countries, except in chapters relating to their origin and evolution. He has also sought to trace the various functions of song, and to attempt to explain why some of the simplest of the old songs live on, generation after generation, as fresh and forceful as when they were written, while so many of the higher and more elaborate musical forms perish or are soon forgotten. In a word, the writer has sought to present the story, the psychology, and mission of the song, the oldest and most enduring form of music. As such a book is largely a work of compilation, he has had to have recourse to standard musical works of reference, especially Riemann's and Naaman's histories, Grove's *Dictionary*, and Chappell's

*Popular Music of the Olden Time.* He has written this book for laymen, not for professional musicians, and submits it to all who love the old songs — the vast majority of the people.

G. P. U.

Chicago, 1915.

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# SUMER IS ICUMEN IN

*Rather slow, and smoothly.*

Summer is a coming in, Loud-ly sing Cuc-koo; Groweth seed, and

*Drone Bass.*

bloweth mead and springeth wood a-new. Sing Cuc-koo! Ewe bleat-eth af-ter lamh, Low'th

af-ter calf the cow; Bullock start-eth, Buck to fern go'th, Mer-ry sing Cuc

-koo! Cuckoo! Cuc-koo! Well singst thou, Cuc-koo! Nor cease thou e-ver now.

## ORIGINAL WORDS.

Sumer is icumen in,  
 Lhude sing Cucen,  
 Groweth sed, and bloweth med  
 And springth the wde nu  
 Sing Cucen!

## WORDS MODERNIZED.

Summer is come in,  
 Loud sing Cuckoo!  
 Groweth seed, and bloweth mead  
 And spring'th the wood now  
 Sing Cuckoo.

This is the first of the real English songs, and belongs to the Anglo-Norman Period, having been written about 1250. On the manuscript which contains the music there is written in Latin, "This part song may be sung by four in company, should not be sung by fewer than three, or at least two." In this version the song is modernized.

“ I had rather than forty shillings I had my book of Songs and Sonnets here.”

— *Shakespeare*, “ *Merry Wives of Windsor*.”

“ Give lettered pomp to teeth of Time,

So ‘ Bonnie Doon ’ but tarry.

Blot out the epic’s stately rhyme,

But spare us ‘ Highland Mary.’ ”

— *John G. Whittier*.

“ Methinks in that refulgent sphere

That knows not sun or moon,

The earth-born saint might long to hear

One verse of ‘ Bonnie Doon.’ ”

— *Oliver Wendell Holmes*.



# THE SONG

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## CHAPTER I

### THE POWER OF SONG

“Sing again the song you sung,  
When we were together young —  
When there were but you and I  
Underneath the summer sky.

“Sing the song and o’er and o’er,  
Though I know that nevermore  
Will it seem the song you sung  
When we were together young.”

— *George William Curtis.*

**S**ONG is the oldest, the noblest, the most enduring form of music.

The oldest, because it arose from a primal instinct of our race — the necessity to give expression to emotion in some manner more convincing than action or speech.

The noblest, because it is the expression of love, the vehicle of the purest sentiment, the most potent enkindler of memory, the strongest incitement to patriotic endeavor, the inspiration of divine worship.

The most enduring, because it comes from the heart and speaks to the heart, and the heart does not change in the ages. Song spans every human life. It is the lullaby of the cradle, the rest for the weary, the consolation for those who mourn, the joy for those who triumph, the requiem for the dead.

It might be said that music in its real entity is song and that the folk song, as the method of expressing emotion and feeling, is the origin of all music as we know it today. Song is the universal language. German, French, Russian, or Norwegian words may have no meaning for us, but when those words are expressed in song we understand the music. The song may have a different rhythm, different color, and different national expression from those to which we have been accustomed, but its language is the same and we know it because it appeals to the heart rather than to the head; because it is emotional rather than intellectual; in a word, because we feel it.

The song is of necessity simple because its influence begins in childhood and cheers old age, and because it is human. It is only the simple that can touch the heart. The song is an emanation of rest, contentment, consolation, deep feeling. Its mission is one of beauty. It carries with it the marvellous power of association, and its magic vibrates the tender chords of memory. Its simplicity and repose proclaim it the noblest form of the musical art. And yet, simple as the song may be in its texture, no other form of human expression be it eloquence, the dramatic art, the work of the

painter or the sculptor, is as powerful in its influence. It can still the babe to slumber, satisfy the craving of the heart, inspire human fraternity, quicken to faith and new life, rest the laborer, rouse a nation to arms, bring back memories of "auld lang syne," incite to action, comfort the sorrowing, lull to rest, soothe the dying, and triumph over death in great catastrophies. And this power may be magnified indefinitely, for it is the only one of all the arts that can be utilized at one and the same time by great masses of people. The men who have a song in their hearts are the men doing their right work.

One of the most marvellous qualities of song is its power of association. There is no other magic in this old world more powerful or instantaneous. A little oldtime melody we may not have heard for years will revive sensations and memories that have slumbered so long they were forgotten. It is not the great music — the opera, the symphony, the sonata — that possesses this power. We are too much engrossed with their construction, new ideas, and the composer's method of treating them to feel more than the effect of the moment. The music may have a historical, but not an individual, relation to the past. It is of the present and may have no future. It is only the old song, it may be but a fragment of it, that possesses this power. The widespread landscape does not revive memories. It is a flower by the wayside, the trickling of a brook, the song of a bird, the flower she gave you long ago, or it may be the violet in the bunch the loved

dead hand has held, the murmur of the brook where you angled, the song of the robin that you heard in the apple tree in the old days, that have the power to revive memories and bring back the past down the stretch of the vanished years and reveal it as in a crystal. Whittier has beautifully expressed the idea :

“ I hear the blackbird in the corn,  
The locust in the haying ;  
And like the fabled hunter’s horn,  
Old tunes my heart is playing.”

Each individual has his own song. It may mean nothing to others but its spell is the key that opens for us the treasure house of buried memories and brings back the days of childhood, with their little joys and “ transient tears,” the dreams of youth, “ the words of love once spoken,” “ the eyes that shone, now dimmed and gone,” lost faces and voices long silent, in a dream of tangled memories — our vanished youth returned. The heart may be old with the years, saddened with sorrows or calloused with disappointments and failures. All its other strings may be snapped, but there is one chord that always responds to the magic touch of the oldtime song. It may be only a phrase of the melody, but it is sufficient for the response. The past lives again and its phantoms are real. The “ dead past ” cannot “ bury its dead ” : the old song opens the door of the crypt, the past lives again.

It remains to consider the general effect of song. In the most comprehensive sense it might be said that the

distinctive province of song is to heighten the joy of the world. It increases individual happiness and to that extent frees one from the sinister influences of the world. Dowden says: "To quicken one's life into a higher consciousness through the feelings is the function of song." Fanny Raymond Ritter, one of the best and most thoughtful woman writers on music this country has had, says:

"The power of song is as deep as it is universal. It gives a liberal course to many noble enthusiasms wrongly defrauded of expression by the cowardice of conventionality. It enlivens labor and society, exalts religious feeling, and transfigures even the crime and horror of barbarous war."

There is an old saying that bad men have no songs and that "a singing man is a happy man, for man never sings when he is in pain or misery, or is plotting miserable things."

From the national point of view, the effect of song can hardly be overstated. It infuses courage and strength. It has helped to elevate and dethrone sovereigns. It has roused revolution and inspired armies to struggle for freedom. It has moulded popular opinion in great political crises, and helped to elect presidents. The "*Marseillaise*," though a revolutionary song, was a prominent factor in the establishment of the French Republic, and is now its national hymn. To its inspiring strains the French today are marching against the Germans in one of the deadliest wars of the centuries, and it is less than half a century ago that

the Germans overwhelmed the French and entered Paris to the music of the "Wacht am Rhein." Today its strains are heard in the German ranks engaged in an apparently hopeless struggle against the allied powers. In gay Vienna it is no longer the enticing strains of the "Blue Danube," but "Prince Eugene, the Noble Knight," that is inspiring the Austrians. In Petrograd the Russian hymn, the most majestic of national songs, is the call to arms. In England, thousands of voices are proclaiming, "Britannia rules the waves, Britons never, never shall be slaves." In our own Revolution, the melody of "Yankee Doodle," trivial as it is, was the inspiration of Lexington and Bunker Hill. In our Civil War, "The Battle Cry of Freedom" on the one side, and "Dixie" on the other, were the rallying cries. Should we be dragged into the present European war, "The Star Spangled Banner" will be heard at the head of every army corps and on the decks of every battleship and cruiser.

As a lightener of human labor, the song — and music in general — has a remarkable effect. Two centuries ago, one Dr. John Case quaintly wrote:

"Every troublesome and laborious occupation useth musicke for a solace and recreation and hence it is that wayfaring men solace themselves with songs and ease the wearisomeness of their journey, considering that musicke as a pleasant companion is unto them instead of a waggon on the way, and hence it is that manual labourers and mechanickall artificers of all sorts keepe such a chaunting and singing in the shoppes — the tailor on his bench, the shoemaker at his last, the mason at his wall, the shipboy at his oar, and the tinker at his pan."

Rengge, in his account of his experiences with Australian natives as farm laborers, narrates a striking example of this power of song. He says:

"How often have I not used their dancing songs in order to encourage and urge them on in their work. I have seen them, not once but a thousand times, lying on the ground with minds and bodies wearied by their labor. Yet as soon as they heard me singing the 'Machiela-machieli,' which is one of their favorite and common dance songs, they would yield to an irresistible impulse and rise and join me with the voice. They would even begin to dance joyfully and contentedly, especially when they saw me singing and dancing among them, like any other savage. After a few minutes of dancing, I would seize the opportunity to cry out to them in a merry voice, 'Mingo, mingo,' a word meaning *breast*, which is also used in the same way as our word *courage*. After such an exhortation they would gradually set to work again with new courage and new vigor."

This chanting and singing have obtained from time immemorial and will last to the end of time.

In the chapter upon "Sea Songs" in this volume, the reader will find a detailed reference to the chanteys, or "shanties," by whose rhythmic help the sailors ease their rope hauls. The negro roustabouts on the Mississippi levees perform their arduous duty to the accompaniment of quaint songs. Similar songs are heard in the logging camps of northern Wisconsin and Michigan, at the blacksmith's forges, and in the huge steel mills. Even in the cigar factories of Key West, Tampa, and Havana, where the work is not heavy, the "reader" reads or sings to the operatives while at

work, thus keeping them cheerful and making their work the lighter. There is further rest in the song at home. One recalls the old music teacher in Max Muller's "Deutsche Liebe," who, when the day's tasks were finished, indulged in his own enjoyment and sang and played "like the roaring and hissing engine letting off the steam it has accumulated during the day." One thinks of many a Gretchen singing at her spinning wheel, of the Swiss herdsmen calling their cattle down from the mountain pastures with song, of the songs of the voyageurs, and the harvest home songs of the husbandmen. Innumerable instances might be drawn from the labor songs of Normandy, the trade songs of England, the guild songs of Germany, and the peasant songs of Russia, Spain, and Poland, showing the close relationship of song to human labor — and what helps human labor helps the advancement of the race. Toil is always relieved by it and there should be no labor that cannot be accompanied by a song.

It is almost unnecessary to consider the relation of song to divine service. It has been associated with it from time immemorial. It greeted the birth of our Lord, and hails the advent of every Christmas. It has sounded His praises in hymn, psalm, anthem, carol, and oratorio, all the centuries. It has bidden farewell to life in palace and hovel, and sustained the courage of the doomed in awful catastrophes. It has been sung by martyrs at the stake, and chanted in the arenas of death. It has voiced the grief of nations at the passing of beloved rulers. It is, of all other functions, the most

perfect accompaniment of the offices of religion. It was one of the principal factors in the founding of the Roman Catholic Church, and there was no more powerful mainstay of the Reformation than Martin Luther's impressive chorale, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott."

As to its individual effect, these instances may be sufficient. Hon. Stephen Coleridge, in his memoirs, recalls a visit of Jenny Lind to his father's house. After singing one or two of her own songs, she asked his father if there were any particular song he would like to hear. Some inspiration came to him to ask her if she ever sang "Auld Robin Gray." She began it at once, and something must have moved her to throw all her marvellous power of emotion into the singing of this old-world story.

"Never in my life," he says, "have I heard anything so transporting and overwhelming. Tears were in her eyes and sobs of anguish seemed to swell up out of her heart; every one in the great drawing-room rose and stood around in a wide, spellbound circle; and when at last she had finished and stood with one hand on the piano, looking at the floor in silence, all were too overcome to speak. My father went to her, took her hand and led her away to a sofa, saying some words of gratitude to her, and the wonderful scene was over."

Thackeray, in his lecture, "Charity and Humor," says:

"The songs of Beranger are hymns of love and tenderness. I have seen great whiskered Frenchmen warbling the 'Bonne

Vieille,' the 'Soldate, au pas, au pas,' with tears rolling down their mustachios. At a Burns festival I have seen Scotchmen singing Burns, while the drops twinkled on their furrowed cheeks, while each rough hand was flung out to grasp its neighbor's, and dear, delightful memories of the past came rushing back at the sound of the familiar words and music, and the softened heart was full of love and friendship and home."

In this connection the testimony of Harry Monroe of the Pacific Garden Mission, Chicago, is interesting. He says that when nothing else will reach the unfortunate and depraved men who, often as a last resort, enter the Mission, the songs, especially one beginning "O mother, when I think of thee," will awaken memories, often quicken feelings long thought dead, and mark the beginning of a real, new life.

There is no other such magic as this in Music Land.

The composers of dramatic music have been quick to appreciate the value of the song and to appropriate it to their uses. Prominent examples of this are "Home, Sweet Home," in "The Maid of Milan"; "The Last Rose of Summer," in "Martha"; the "Marseillaise," in numerous operas and instrumental works; "Robin Adair," in "La Dame Blanche"; "Pieta," in "Stradella"; the English songs, "Tom Bowling," "The Wolf," "A Thorn," "The Bay of Biscay," "Cherry Ripe," and "I Know a Bank," all of which have served their purpose in operas. The lyrics in the operas of Purcell, Arne, Balfe, Wallace and many another composer remain, though the operas themselves are well nigh forgotten.

Song and poetry are handmaidens. Each illuminates and intensifies the other. Mendelssohn and his sister Fanny, Chopin, and other poetical composers, have written songs without words, but they are almost forgotten now. It is the airs,

“ Married to immortal verse  
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,  
In notes with many a winding bout  
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,”

that are enduring. The perfect union of music and poetry is in song and the greatest of the song writers have always given equal importance to word and melody. The old Greeks knew the wonderful power of this combination, and the Minnesingers and Troubadours studied it as the most beautiful of the arts. The flower of German song blossoms most luxuriously in the poems of Goethe, Schiller, and Heine, and of French song in those of Beranger, Lamartine, De Musset, and Hugo. The song is not the mere accompaniment to the poem, but intensifies its emotion beyond the limit of words, and lends it a color impossible to language. The poets have never failed to recognize the power and beauty of song. Chaucer’s “parfit gentil knight” could “songes make and well indite.” Sir Philip Sidney says: “I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet.” Shakespeare’s plays teem with allusions to song. Burns paid it this most delicate compliment: “Oh, my luve’s like the melodie that’s

sweetly played in tune." Rogers, in his "Human Life," says:

"The soul of music slumbers in the shell  
Till wakened and kindled by the master's spell;  
And feeling hearts, touch them but rightly, pour  
A thousand melodies unheard before."

Wordsworth, in "The Solitary Reaper," sings:

"The music in my heart I bore  
Long after it was heard no more."

And Shelley, in "The Skylark" :

"Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought."

And Keats, in his "Ode to a Grecian Urn" :

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
Are sweeter, therefore, ye soft pipes, play on."

It is unnecessary to multiply instances. All the poets have exalted song, as the Muse's companion. Two tributes have always impressed me. The one, from Ernst Hoffman's "Serapion's Brüder," is exalted in its nature:

"No art, I believe, affords such strong evidence of the spiritual in man as music, and there is no art that requires, so exclusively, means that are purely intellectual and ethereal. The intuition of what is highest and holiest, of the intellectual Power which enkindles the spark of life in all nature, is audibly expressed in musical sound. Hence, music and song are the utterances of the fullest perfection of existence — praise of the Creator."

The other is a bit of homely sentiment by Walt Mason, the maker of practical prose poetry:

“The modern airs are cheerful, melodious, and sweet; we hear them sung and whistled all day upon the street. Some lilting ragtime ditty that’s rollicking and gay will gain the public favor and hold it—for a day. But when the day is ended, and we are tired and worn, and more than half persuaded that man was made to mourn, how soothing then the music our fathers used to know! The songs of sense and feeling, the songs of long ago! The ‘Jungle Joe’ effusions and kindred roundelays will do to hum or whistle throughout our busy days; and in the garish limelight the yodelers may yell, and Injun songs may flourish—and all is passing well; but when to light the heavens the shining stars return, and in the cottage windows the lights begin to burn, when parents and their children are seated by the fire, remote from worldly clamor and all the world’s desire, when eyes are soft and shining, and hearts with love aglow, how pleasant is the singing of songs of long ago?”

Song was first heard in the creation when the morning stars sang together. It was the first sound heard at the birth of Christ, when the angels sang above the plains of Bethlehem. It is the universal language which appeals to the universal heart of mankind.

Song greets our entrance into the world, and solemnizes our departure. Its thrill pervades all nature, in the hum of the tiniest insect, in the warbling of birds, in the ripple of the brook, in the tops of wind-swept pines, in the solemn diapason of the ocean. Of all the arts, it is eternal, like the human soul to which it ministers.

## CHAPTER II

### BIRTH OF THE SONG

“ Before them yode a lustie tabrere,  
That to the many a horne pype playd,  
Whereto they dauncen, ech one with his mayd.  
To see these folks make so jovisaunce  
Made my heart after the pype to daunce.”

— *Spenser's "Pastorals."*

**W**HENCE came the song, the earliest form of music? In what remote region and under what mysterious influences did man first feel impelled to express himself in rhythm, unaware it was a rude beginning of the divinest of the arts?

The poet and the romancer will probably answer these questions by fixing its birth in the mythical days when Apollo invented music, and Hermes strung his tortoise shell with reeds into the crude likeness of a lyre; when Amphion built the walls of Thebes to the strains of his harp, and Pan accompanied the dancing nymphs with his seven-reed pipe, and Triton, Neptune's trumpeter, blew his "wreathed horn," and when Arion was saved by his fascinating luting to the dolphins, and Orpheus tamed the savage beasts and changed the river courses with his magic strains. The more devout will

believe that the first song was heard when "the stars of the morning sang together," and that

"From harmony, from heavenly harmony,  
The universal frame began;  
From harmony to harmony  
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,  
The diapason closing full in man."

The more practical archaeologist and musical scientist, however, agree in the assertion that Song is the first born of the Dance, the earliest form of art. Rhythm, as a vehicle for the expression of emotions, passions, and impulses, as well as of deeds, was one of the primal instincts of the prehistoric man, as it is of human nature today, and the dance is the general rhythm of emotion, whether physical or spiritual. Rhythm, in brief, is the mainspring and chief characteristic of the dance as it is of every art, and no other artistic act has such power to move and excite as the dance. Herbert Spencer says "every strong emotional excitement tends to express itself in rhythmic motion of the body and every emotional movement is rhythm." The dance is the oldest of the arts. Hence song, its first born, antedates civilization itself.

The Japanese, who live close to nature, have a pretty legend setting forth the origin of the dance. Far back, in the misty morning of time, a faun strolled through the woods on a spring day. The budding trees and shrubs awoke his love of flowers. Espying a beautiful white blossom upon a high branch he sought to pluck

it, but it was beyond his reach. He sprang into the air and clutched it, and that instant he felt for the first time the rhythmic joy of motion. It was the faun's first dance, and fauns and nymphs had many a merry dance thereafter.

Coming from fancy to fact, testimony is everywhere abundant as to the great age of the dance. The Bible, the Vedas of India, the Zendavestas of Persia, the works of Confucius, the ancient scrolls of Japan, the Egyptian Book of the Dead, the old Greek writers — Homer, Aristotle, Herodotus, Thucydides, and Pindar — the early Roman writers — Horace, Virgil, Ovid and others of the Augustan period, repeatedly refer to the dance, or rhythmical gesture, as the most significant method of giving expression to the temperament, manners, passions, and deeds of the people. From all these sources, especially the Grecian and Egyptian, we learn also that the dance was a conspicuous part of religious service. In Egypt dances were mainly sacred in character and were richly colored with mystic symbolism. They were performed to the accompaniment of rhythmical instruments which are still used by Egyptian dancing girls, and the Spanish Carmens, as they were in the days of the Pharaohs. In Greece the dance was not only a part of the religious rites, but it depicted the pleasure as well as the sadness of life. Terpsichore typified the joy of nature, Thalia the joy of living, and Melpomene the seriousness and tragedy of life. Aristotle informs us that the dance was gymnastic when intended for exercise, and mimetic

when intended as an accompaniment to the chorus of corresponding gesture. The mimetic dance imitates the motions of animals and men. The gymnastic dance follows no natural methods. Troy and Margaret West Kinney, in their recent admirable volume, *The Dance, Its Place in Art and Life*, make this quotation from a work of the Jesuit father, Menestrier, on the dance, written in the latter part of the seventeenth century, which shows a direct connection between the dance and the ritual:

“Divine service was composed of psalms, hymns, and canticles, because men sang and danced the praises of God, as they read His oracles in those extracts of the Old and New Testaments which we still know under the name of Lessons. The place in which these acts of worship were offered to God was called the Choir, just as those portions of comedies and tragedies in which dancing and singing combined to make up the interludes were called Choruses. Prelates were called in the Latin tongue *Praesules a Praesiliendo*, because in the Choir they took that part in the praises of God which he who led the dances, and was called by the Greeks *Choragus*, took in the public games.”

And again he writes:

“What could be more blessed than to imitate on earth the rhythm of the Angels?”

Ernst Grosse, in his *Beginnings of Art*, says:

“It is quite natural for the primitive man to suppose that the exercise which makes so powerful an impression upon him

can also exert a definite influence on the spiritual powers where disposition controls his fate."

The dance as a part of religious worship continued as late as the beginning of the eighteenth century. Since that time, it has come to be performed as a social entertainment. It has, further, been so changed in time, rhythm, and general character that it has become a distinctive expression of the national life, like the Country dance and Morris dance of England, the Waltz of Germany, the Can-can of France, the Bolero and Habanera of Spain, the Saltarello and Tarantelle of Italy, the Czardas of Hungary, and the sensual dances of the Orient. In our own country there is no distinctive national dance. We have borrowed from all nations, our latest acquisition being the Tango, with its numerous variants, whose repulsive sprawls, attitudes, and distorted perversions of nature make up in agility and grotesque posturing what they lack in grace and rhythm, and which seem to have turned the heads as well as infected the heels of young and old alike.

The first suggestion of music came from dancing. Doubtless the first expression of emotion was produced by clapping the hands and stamping the feet, as is the habit of this day, and the first music accompanying it was the beating of rude drums, or tamtams, at festive gatherings of our prehistoric ancestors, in celebration of victories over their enemies or invocations to their gods. This close relationship of the dance and music led up to a definite form long before what we know as modern music was in existence, but the song did not

come full-fledged, nor was it uttered in "full-throated ease." Its evolution occupied a period of centuries. In time, however, it began to take a fixed form as the crude beginning of choral music and at last evolved into what may be termed real music, still preserving the dance rhythm. This rhythm is apparent in the first operas of Peri and Monteverde, in the oratorios of Cavaleri, in the chorales of Luther, in the later operas of Lulli and Rameau, and in the suite, sonata, and symphony forms, the minuets, trios and scherzos of which are based on figures from these dance tunes, which in reality are none other than Folk Songs. At last the song obtained definite form and eventually ceased to be a mere accessory to the dance. It had achieved its independence. A new and beautiful art was born, to delight mankind.

As the years rolled on, the Trouveres and Troubadours appeared in France, the latter traversing the kingdom from Provence, their native land, the home of romance, and even wandering as far afield as the Holy Land with the Crusaders. They were followed by the Minnesingers and Meistersingers of Germany, singing of love and nature and the deeds of heroes. The Chanson and the Volkslied were now definitely established. It is an important epoch in the history of music, for the Folk Song is the basis of modern music. Scales were made for it. Its melodic shape was definitely fixed and to a certain extent it contributed to the science of harmony. Then followed the Art Song, invented or, at least, introduced by Mozart, its

peculiarity being the adaptation of melody to the text of the various verses, instead of repeating the same melody for each. A charming instance of this is his "Violet." Poets and composers worked together as the lyric period began, and Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Franz, Wolf, Brahms and other prominent representatives of the Romantic school flourished. It was the Golden Age of song.

During this evolutionary period there are a few phases of the progress which should be briefly mentioned. At the close of the sixteenth century the world of music was largely dominated by the Italian school, and the romance appeared. During the French Revolution political songs, like the "Marseillaise," took the place of romance, but during the Napoleonic era it reappeared. Of late years Dramatic Song has prevailed, but now a school has arisen, akin to cubism in painting and sculpture, which discards the established rules of form and presents a tonality which is vague and discordant, a rhythm which is baldly prosaic and limping, and an eccentricity which is marked by incoherence and utterly sacrifices what we know as melody. This may or may not be the music of the future, but it will never displace the old songs in the hearts of the people. It is purely a music of eccentric expression, lacking form, logical sequence, heart, and soul, and destitute of emotion. "The Uncle descending the Stairs" is as formless and meaningless as a sonata of Schönberg's. Both lack rhythm, meaning, quality, and soul. A new sense is necessary to grasp their meaning,

if they have any. As Frederick Niecks, the eminent professor of music, aptly characterizes it in an article recently printed in the *Etude*, of Philadelphia:

“What are the bearings of the tendencies of the music of the nineteenth century on that of the twentieth? The tendency of the nineteenth century which bears most distinctly on the twentieth is the dissolution of the firm and solid elements of music. Beethoven, Berlioz, Liszt, and Wagner illustrate this tendency in form; Schumann, Chopin, and Wagner in harmony and rhythm; Beethoven, Weber, Meyerbeer, Berlioz, Schumann, Wagner, etc., in instrumentation. But are the musical counterparts of the post-impressionists, cubists, and futurists of the twentieth century a legitimate offspring of these illustrious masters of the nineteenth? I hold that they are not. I hold that these newest phenomena are not links in the evolution of the art, but morbid excrescences that will quickly decay, fall to the ground, and disappear. The newest systems of composition, if systems they can be called, are leaps in the dark that end in chaos or nothingness.”

In the next chapter I shall attempt to trace the details of song development in France, Germany, and England, where it has reached its highest standard.

## CHAPTER III

### EVOLUTION OF THE SONG

“ At last divine Cecilia came,  
Inventress of the vocal frame;  
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,  
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,  
And added lengths to solemn sounds  
With Nature’s mother wit, and arts unknown before.  
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,  
Or both divide the crown:  
He raised a mortal to the skies,  
She drew an angel down.”

— *Dryden’s “Alexander’s Feast.”*

WE obtain the first clear idea of the song during the medieval era in Europe from the melodies of strolling vagrants, known as the Menestriers and Fableors. The Menestriers were a motley pack of buffoons, jugglers, rope dancers, and singers of the peasant class, who entertained the townspeople much after the manner of the vaudevillists of the present day. The Fableors, like the Welsh bards, recited stories to the accompaniment of instruments. These vagrants of the road really introduced the Folk Song. The real art of song, however, was created in fair Provence, by the Troubadour, who was not the

captivating cavalier who "gaily touched his guitar" and bade his "lady love welcome him home from Palestine," as he is generally pictured, nor yet a mere strolling minstrel, earning his living after the fashion of the hurdy-gurdy player, but poet and composer by the divine right of the Muses. He belonged to all ranks of life. This one was a noble, that one a bourgeois; this one was a trader, that one came from parentage which had been engaged in service at court. Even great sovereigns were found among them. Richard Coeur de Lion and his faithful page Blondel, Thibaut, King of Navarre, Alfonso IV of Castile and Arragon, Pedro III and Pedro IV of Portugal, and Azzo d' Este, husband of the ill-fated Parisina, practised the art, but their efforts were feeble as compared with those of their companions of lower rank.

The most conspicuous Troubadour was William of Poitiers, living in the tenth century, who not only wrote the first songs, called Canzonets, but was influential in disseminating the art of minstrelsy and encouraging its disciples. Among his numerous followers were the Chatelaine de Courcy in the twelfth century and Bernard of Ventadour, who, because of an amour with the Lady of Ventadour, was forced to flee from the Kingdom to England, where he was most cordially received by Eleanor, consort of Henry II and divorced wife of Louis VII of France. To him, perhaps more than to any other, is due the beginning of minstrelsy in England. Though many of the Troubadours were of noble families and not

dependent upon their art for their support, the larger number had to rely upon the patronage of courts. They wrote their own songs, both verses and music, such as love ditties, pastoral romances, political satires, dance songs, and even religious lyrics, but as they wrote in their own language, the Provençal, they had comparatively little recognition in northern France, where the real French language was spoken, though some of them, among them King Thibaud of Navarre, became famous there. They flourished from the eleventh to the fourteenth century and greatly enriched the literature and developed the art of song, but during the latter century, political dissensions and civil strife led to their decline. Their art was soon lost to France, and the few minstrels left found refuge in Italy and Spain, at that time inhospitable regions for their style of art.

It will be seen from this brief statement that the Troubadour was not a mere minstrel, making and singing ballads to "his mistress' eyebrow," but a prominent factor in the advancement of poetry and the development of song in France.

Meanwhile, in northern France another band of poet-musicians was working for the betterment of medieval song. The Trouveres were contemporaries of the Troubadours, but their songs were of a different character. They were written mainly in the narrative or epic style and under very strict rules, in contrast with the amatory lyrics of the Troubadours. These epic ballads, known as *Chansons de Geste*, and the

Fableaux (satirical songs), are among the earliest forms of French art of this school. The most celebrated of the Trouveres was Adam de la Halle, of Arles, who made great advance in part-writing and remodeled some of the pastoral songs into a music drama, which has been called the first comic opera in France.

The third class of singers, the Jongleurs, belonged to the strolling performers already mentioned. They sang Folk Songs to the castle lords and sometimes were employed as accompanists for the Troubadours and Trouveres. They also danced and performed feats of jugglery. An excellent idea of the Jongleurs may be had by referring to Victor Hugo's "Juggler of Notre Dame," and to the character of Jean, the hero of Massenet's opera of the same name as Hugo's romance, who danced and sang before the image of the Virgin in the monastery, receiving therefor the stern reproofs of the monks but a celestial welcome as he expired. Massenet has also added color to the story by introducing medieval music of the Jongleur period.

The real service of the minstrels to France may be briefly summed up by centuries. In the tenth and eleventh, love songs and songs of sentiment were invented. In the thirteenth, they produced little music-dramas for the first time. In the fourteenth, they founded an Academy at Toulouse for the cultivation of their art, and at this Academy trained musicians produced new forms which were the fore-runners of

the aria. In the sixteenth and seventeenth, the vaudeville and opera comique were established, and new varieties of the Chanson appeared, among them the Chanson Galante, or love song, of the time of Louis XIII, and the Chanson de Cour, of the time of Louis XIV, which was graceful in form and charming in sentiment. Then came the Romance Period, followed by the Revolutionary, which produced "Ca ira," "The Marseillaise," "Chant du Depart," and other songs of the kind which banished for a time all thought of romance, and the Bergerettes and Pastourelles with their pretty rustic love tales. The patriotic lyrics in turn gave place once more to the romantic. Of late years, in France, the new anti-melodic school of songs is in vogue. It discards all established rules of form, cadence arrangement, or concord, and sets forth a cacophony which we are gravely informed is to be the music of the future.

Before leaving France, it may be well to define the general divisions of the Chanson, which includes every form of song writing in that country. They are four in number: (1) The Chanson Historique, or all historical songs, not excluding the revolutionary or patriotic; (2) The Chanson de Metier, or street ballads; (3) The Chanson d'Amour, including numerous variants, and covering the whole field of romance and sentiment; (4) The Chanson Technique, or songs composed in a strictly musical form, following fixed laws. These are the four general divisions, but they are subdivided into scores of minor forms.

The evolution of song in Germany followed much the same lines as in France, and, indeed, in some ways might be called an outgrowth of the art of the Troubadour and Trouvere. In both countries, song was inspired by the knightly spirit of the times. The Minnesinger and Meistersinger remind us of the Troubadour and Trouvere, and the volkslied has its counterpart in the chanson. The Minnesingers, like the Troubadours, could boast many exalted names in their membership, among them Frederick I, Frederick II, Henry VI, Wolfram von Eschenbach, Walther von der Vogelweide, and others. The Meistersingers followed the lead of Hans Sachs, the immortal cobbler of Nuremberg. From these rude beginnings German genius and scholarship have raised the art of song to its highest standard.

The Minnesingers date from the twelfth century, one of their most famous members being Heinrich of Baldeke, who did a great work for more correct versification and a purer style of music. They belonged to the nobility and the higher social ranks, and were divided into two general classes: the Meister, or those who wrote their own verses and music, and the Tondieb (tone thief), those who plagiarized verses or melodies. They sometimes sang of nature's beauty and chivalrous deeds, and were zealous adherents of the Crown and the Church, but their lyrics were most frequently devoted to the praise of love, whence their name ("*Minne*," love). They were greatly influenced by the French minstrels but at the same time their

songs were "to the manner born." They were purely national, and even racial, and reached a higher standard than those of the Trouveres. As chivalry declined and knights began to forsake their gallant calling to become freebooters, the Minnesong began to wane, and ceased to exist about the middle of the fourteenth century. The last of the Minnesingers was Heinrich von Meissen, who was conspicuous for his praise of woman, and hence received the cognomen of Frauenlob. When he died he was buried by the women of his native Mayence, with many tears. The *Ewig weibliche* should hold his name in blessed memory.

The change from the Minnesinger to the Meistersinger was wrought by the people who formed guilds of craftsmen for the cultivation of music, and established fixed technical rules for composition of both verse and music, which banished all expression and spontaneity as completely as does the method of Schönberg today. They established singing contests which were held in the churches, and judges were appointed to see that the verses did not violate the precepts of the Scriptures, that rhyme and rhythm were perfect, and that the music was in accordance with the Meistersinger law, known as the "Tabulatur." The result was a dry, rigid, expressionless technique. Richard Wagner, in his "Meistersinger," satirized the "Tabulatur." Walther von Stolzing (who recalls Walther von der Vogelweide, greatest of the Minnesingers), a suitor for the hand of Eva, is a competitor in one of these singing contests. Though he is

scored with many faults by the marker, he gains his suit and even converts Hans Sachs, most famous of the Meistersingers, by the manner in which he sings his song of love and spring. When asked in what school he gained his knowledge, he replies: "The wood before the Vogelweid, 'twas there I learned my singing."

"What winter night,  
What wood so bright,  
What book and nature brought me;  
What poet songs of magic might  
Mysteriously have taught me.  
On horses' tramp,  
On field and camp,  
On knights arrayed  
For war parade,  
My mind its powers exerted."

The Meistersong lasted even to the nineteenth century, but its most famous period was that of Hans Sachs. Still another class of musicians should be credited with the introduction of the Folk Song in Germany — the roadside musicians, who, like the French Menestriers, invaded the towns and cities. They were only strolling vagrants, without social position, but in time many of them became town pipers and trumpeters, and even acquired social privileges as citizens. They are to be credited with the preservation of the Volkslieder. They were also the precursors of the village orchestras. Their descendants may be found today in the little German bands so common in our cities.

The Volkslied, or German Folk Song, at first was not written down. It passed from lip to lip and was preserved in memory. It was the song of German life. Where did it originate? Who shall say? Theodore Storm, in his delightful *Immensee*, gives the poetical answer:

“They are not written at all. They appear spontaneously and drift about in the air like the gossamer, and are sung in many places simultaneously. They are the old primeval tones of Mother Nature. They sleep in the forest. Only God knows who wakens them.”

And Grimm, of fairy-tale fame, says:

“The folk song composes itself. The name of a folk song writer is seldom remembered,—he counts for nothing: but his song lives on and on and is passed from one generation to another. In these songs are reflected the very heart beats of the people.”

These Volkslieder were finally collected and made the themes of masses, motets, and chorales, by such masters as Bach and Martin Luther, and when Mozart came like a burst of sunshine into the musical world, the Kunstlied, or Art Song, came with him, and the way was opened in Germany for such a flood of song as the world had never known before. Haydn and Beethoven greatly enlarged the province of the Art Song, and the world's greatest singers followed, with the immortal Schubert at their head — Weber, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Spohr, Franz, Jensen, Lassen,

Wolf, Loewe, Brahms, Taubert, Lachner, Ries, Raff, Reinecke — their name is legion. Romain Rolland, in his masterpiece *Jean Christophe*, throws an illuminating glow upon the development of music in Germany, in this extract from the correspondence of Jean and Oliver:

“ It was by returning to the musical language of all men that the art of the German classics came into being. The melodies of Gluck and the creators of the symphony are sometimes trivial and commonplace, compared with the subtle and erudite phrases of J. S. Bach and Rameau. It is their raciness of the soil that gives such zest, and has procured such popularity for the German classics. They began with the simplest music form, the Lied and the Singspiel, the little flowers of everyday life which impregnated the childhood of men like Mozart and Weber. Do you the same. Write songs for all, and some day, upon that basis, you will soon build quartets and symphonies.”

The art of poetry and song in England originated at a very early period, even before the Conquest. The oldest singers of whom we have any record are the Welsh bards. Tradition also affirms that Alfred the Great was both singer and harper and that in this disguise he made his way into the Danish camp, much to the subsequent discomfort of his enemies. It is also known that there were Gleemen among the Saxons, and minstrels in Ireland and Scotland long before the new forms of music were brought over from Normandy.

The Bards, or Scalds, were the first of the singers and they professed to have derived their art from

Wodin. Like minstrels everywhere, they were strollers, wandering from place to place, singing of the deeds of heroes, to the accompaniment of the harp. These heroes were often borrowed from the records of antiquity and presented in English dress. The singers were held in high esteem by all, and favors were showered upon them by royalty. They were entertainers at May day festivals, wakes, and fairs. The upper classes, as a rule, imported their songs from Normandy. After the Saxon establishment their art declined and a new order of Gleemen, or Harpers, arose, who made considerable advancement in their art. These, in turn, had their day, and were followed by the Minstrels, who, according to Percy, united the arts of poetry and music, and not only sang the verses of others, but their own also, to the harp accompaniment. Like the Bards, they were universal favorites and were even accorded official positions at court. In castle halls they sang of heroic deeds, and often were found in the field as knightly attendants. They even fared as far as the Holy Land, as Blondel followed Richard of the Lion Heart. In *The Talisman* Scott tells much of minstrel interest when describing Blondel's singing "The Bloody Vest" before Richard and his court in Palestine. To them, more than to any others, must be credited the preservation of the old ballads and dance tunes which are the folk songs of England. They flourished through the reigns of Henry II, Richard I, and John, but in the Elizabethan era they had fallen into such disrepute and had used their art for such

questionable purposes, that they were denounced under the law as "rogues and vagabonds." In the thirty-ninth year of the great Queen's reign, penalties of such severity were inflicted upon them that they soon ceased to exist. An old ballad says:

"When Jesus went to Jairus' home,  
Whose daughter was about to die,  
He turned the minstrels out of doors  
Among the rascal company.  
Beggars they are with one consent,  
And rogues by act of Parliament."

It is an interesting fact, in this connection, that the Jongleurs of northern France, who have been already mentioned, found their way into the halls of the Norman nobles in England, more especially those who had been with the Crusaders. They sang songs of an Oriental character, long chronicles in rhyme, setting forth the exploits of the knights. They disappeared, however, in the era of the Wars of the Roses.

Before coming to the Elizabethan era, let us take a backward glance into the thirteenth century, for there we shall find the first of real English songs, "Sumer is icumen in." It was written about the year 1250, by John of Dunstable, and is still cherished by the English people with something of the same love of nature that Browning expresses in his "Home Thoughts from Abroad": "Oh, to be in England now that April's there!" The song is written in canon form for eight voices, and was probably accompanied by

the bag pipe, as it has a drone bass. Because of its extreme age and its being not only the first English song, but a national song also, the words are appended :

“ Sumer is icumen in,  
Lhude sing cuccu,  
Groweth sed and bloweth med,  
And springth the wde nu,  
Sing cuccu.

“ Awe bleteth after lomb,  
Lhouth after calve ou ;  
Bullock sterteth, bucke verteth,  
Murie sing cuccu,  
Cuccu, cuccu.  
Wel singes thu cuccu,  
Ne swik thu never nu.

(Modernized.)

“ Summer is come in,  
Loud sing, cuckoo!  
Groweth seed and bloweth mead,  
And springeth the wood now.  
Sing cuckoo.

“ Ewe bleateth after lamb,  
Loweth after calf (the) cow ;  
Bullock starteth, buck verteth,\*  
Merry sing, cuckoo!  
Cuckoo, cuckoo!  
Well sings't thou, cuckoo,  
Nor cease thou never now.”

\* Frequents the green fern.

Two other songs of summer, written in the same century, are also known; also the "Song of a Prisoner," in Saxon, which, modernized, runs thus:

"Ere this knew I sorrow none;  
Now I must utter my moan.  
Full of care well sore I sigh,  
Guiltless, I suffer much shame.  
Help, God, for Thy sweet name,  
King of Heaven Kingdom."

The song was almost universal throughout the reign of Elizabeth, and how highly music of all kinds was considered may be inferred from the statement in contemporaneous history that a shoemaker was pronounced an imposter because he could neither "sing, sound the trumpet, play upon the flute, nor reckon up his tools in rhyme." Even servants were expected to be of "toward qualities in readyng, wryting, grammer, and musike."

The most important phase in the progress of song in the days of Elizabeth was the introduction of the madrigal. It was invented in the Netherlands in the middle of the fifteenth century, and its first publications were made in Venice, whence it was carried to Germany. In the latter part of the sixteenth century many collections of them were published in England, and from that time forth it became the favorite form of music, and numerous madrigal writers appeared, among them Byrd, Morley, Dowland, Gibbons, and other great composers of the period. The Civil Wars,

which extinguished all art efforts in England, were fatal to the madrigal, and it was gradually supplanted by the glee. The madrigal was sung by a small chorus without accompaniment, and the subjects were usually pastoral. Though the madrigal disappeared, madrigal societies were formed in England and still exist. Some of the more famous songs of Elizabeth's time are "The Carman's Whistle," "The British Grenadiers," "Death and the Lady," "The Jovial Tinker," "The Children in the Wood," "It Was a Lover and His Lass," "Willow, Willow," "Come, live with me and be my Love," and "Green Sleeves," which even to this day does good service as a dance tune, not only in England but also in this country.

The Puritans put their ban on all cheerful songs, but after the Restoration they revived, and the Cavaliers made merry. Sometimes they were ironically merry over the plight of the Roundheads, as witness this verse from a song by Francis Quarles, of Emblem fame:

" Know then, my brethren, Heaven is clear  
And all the clouds are gone,  
The righteous now shall flourish and  
Good days are coming on.  
Come then, my brethren, and be glad,  
And eke rejoice with me;  
Lawn sleeves and rochets shall go down,  
And hey! then up go we."

During the reign of Charles II much lighter and more melodious songs took the place of the old

counterpoint and madrigals, and the violin and guitar displaced viol and lute. The King's preference was for French music, especially the dance. The old English writer, Playford, in his *Introduction to Skill of Music and Whole Book of Psalms*, says:

"But musick in this age, like other arts and sciences, is in low esteem with the generality of people. Our late and solemn musick, both vocal and instrumental, is now jostled out of esteem by the new courants and jigs of foreigners, to the grief of all sober and judicious understanders of that formerly solid and good musick."

Concert rooms were opened in the coffee houses, smoking allowed, and songs were sung in all the taverns by gentlemen over their ale. The conductor, also, first appears at this time. Pepys in his *Diary* says:

"In Whitehall all there got into the theatre room and there heard both the vocall and instrumental musick, where the little fellow [Pelham Humphrey, the composer] stood keep'g time."

The titles of some of the songs at this time, such as, "The King's Jig," "The Delights of the Bottle," "Roger de Coverley," and "Lilliburlero," indicate their general character. There were serious songs, however, like "My Lodging, It is on the cold Ground" and the tale of cruel Barbara Allen. This period is also notable as that of Purcell, greatest of English musicians, who is more famous, however, for his choral and dramatic works than for his songs.

The eighteenth century witnessed the remarkable upgrowth of ballad operas, chief among them "The Beggar's Opera," the text by the poet Gay, and the music by Dr. Pepusch. The music, however, was but a setting of the popular songs of that time. It soon became the rage, and even forced Handel, who was conducting Italian opera in London at the time, into bankruptcy. Memorable songs of this period are "Black-eyed Susan," "Old King Cole," "Down Among the Dead Men," "The Wolf," "The Vicar of Bray," "Rule Britannia," and "Tom Bowling." It was at this time the glee, a purely English invention, was introduced. It is written in not less than three parts for solo voices without accompaniment, and covers a wide variety of cheerful and serious subjects. It is much better constructed than its predecessor, the madrigal. The glees lasted for about a century, the most famous writers being Webbe, Stevens, Callcot, Horsley, Lord Mornington, and Attwood.

If one were asked what England has done for song, "Home, Sweet Home," "The Last Rose of Summer," "The Lass o' Richmond Hill," "'Twas within a Mile of Edinboro Town," "Bonnie Doon," "Oft in the Stilly Night," "The Bay of Biscay," "Bid Me Discourse," "Drink to me only with thine Eyes," "She Wore a Wreath of Roses," "Believe me, if all those Endearing Young Charms," "Simon the Cellarer," "The Three Fishers," "Onward, Christian Soldiers," "The Lost Chord," "God Save the King," "I Attempt from Love's Sickness to Fly," "The Roast

Beef of Old England," "The Brooklet," and the sea songs of Sir Edward Elgar, in addition to those already cited, are a sufficient answer. In the words of Sir Christopher Wren's well known epitaph: *Si monumentum requiris, circumspice*.

It is in France, Germany, and England that song has reached its highest flight. Its development in other countries may be very briefly stated. In Spain, the song is almost always an accessory of the dance, especially in the case of the Jota and Bolero, but of the art song the Spaniards know but little. The song in Portugal is closely related to that of Spain. Its only independent form is the Fado, a dance song of the common people. In Italy, the art of song for many centuries was affiliated with the music of the Church, but during the latter part of the sixteenth century the influence of the Renaissance made itself apparent, and songs for the solo voice were written for the first time. So far as Folk Song is concerned, Italy has few examples. Its composers wrote principally for the Church, and borrowed folk music from other nations for treatment in their masses and anthems. Verdi and Rossini have left a few songs, but they are now mostly forgotten. It is in the brilliant airs of the opera that the Italians have greatly excelled.

Switzerland, with its composite nationality, has a composite Folk Song. One song, however, the "Ranz des Vaches," is purely indigenous. It is the call for the cattle which the herdsmen sing or blow from the Alpine horn, and differs in the various cantons, both in music

and words. The most famous one is the "Appenzell," which many composers have utilized in their operas. The principal songs of Greece are ballads set to music of an Oriental nature, and used as accompaniment for the dance at weddings and festivals. Russia is rich in Folk Songs, and they have been most carefully preserved. They date from a very early period, ten centuries ago, and even the oldest of them are constructed in regular musical form. Russia's greatest composers, the Glinkas, Lvov, the composer of the impressive national hymn, Borodin, Balakirev, Cui, Rimsky-Korsakov, Moussorgsky, Tchaikovsky, and others, have not only written beautiful songs, but they have done a great work for Russian national music by collecting and preserving the Folk Songs, with which the Western world is rapidly becoming acquainted.

The Polish songs are mostly hymns, battle lyrics, and dance tunes, characterized by national spirit and poetic charm. The greatest of the modern Polish song writers is Chopin, but his songs have been overshadowed by his etudes, ballades, polonaises, and other piano compositions, and are but little known. Folk Songs and folk dances are numerous in Bohemia, though they are generally suggestive of German influence. This is specially true of the songs of Bohemia's two greatest composers, Smetana and Dvorák. Hungary has its own songs; the Magyar, which are Oriental in spirit, and the Tsigane, or Gypsy songs. The connection between the two is interesting. The Magyar gypsies have little music of their own. They sing the Magyar

songs, but they add embellishments to them which greatly enrich them. The gypsy life, so charmingly described by Schumann in one of his short choral compositions, invests them with a local color and passionate impetuosity rarely found in the Folk Songs of any other nation. Nearly all the great composers, from Beethoven down, have recognized the charm of these songs and have utilized many of them in their compositions. The Brahms and Remenyi Hungarian Dance arrangements are familiar to all concert-goers.

Hungary has numerous song writers, but its most famous composers are Korbay, who has not only written many but collected a large number, and Liszt, whose songs, like those of Chopin, have been overshadowed by his piano and orchestral compositions. His Hungarian Rhapsodies, however, have preserved many of the Magyar Folk Songs. The Scandinavian Folk Songs are largely founded upon the old national legends, which are abundant in Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, and some of them are very beautiful, though they are often melancholy in character. Grove characterizes the Swedish as the most beautiful and poetical, the Norwegian as gloomy and tragic, and the Danish, monotonous and regular, but having a peculiar idyllic and pastoral beauty. The songs of the Netherlands, the home of the Madrigal, are very old. Its earliest known songs are of the tenth century, and they greatly enriched sacred music in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The Netherlands, indeed, almost dominated the world of song down to

the sixteenth century. Today, its song music is largely influenced by the Germans.

Any notice of the song in the United States must be brief, for the reason that we have no distinctive, indigenous song, unless we consider the old negro melodies as such, and they have disappeared with the institution of slavery in which they flourished. The songs of Stephen Foster cannot be called negro melodies. They are sentimental ballads, dealing with phases of negro life, but the music has none of the racial characteristics of the old plantation and camp meeting negro melody. The whole matter might be summed up by saying we have no folk music. We have individual composers of song, each singing in his own way, as his temperament or scholarship suggest. We have not even a national song of our own, for "The Star-Spangled Banner," in honor of which nearly all rise as in duty bound, is an old English drinking song.

But if we have no folk song, this country being a racial melting pot, there is an eminent array of song writers, among them Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, Miss Ruthven Lang, Homer N. Bartlett, George W. Chadwick, Walter Damrosch, Arthur Foote, Waldo Chase, Arthur Farwell, Edgar S. Kelly, Henry K. Hadley, George W. Marston, Charles C. Converse, Ethelbert Nevin, John K. Paine, Horatio Parker, J. C. D. Parker, Harry R. Shelby, Victor Herbert, Dudley Buck, Harvey W. Loomis, Frank Van Der Stucken, W. W. Gilchrist, Adolph Foerster, Jules Jordan, Reginald De Koven, Frederick F. Bullard, Homer A.

Norris, George E. Whiting, Clayton Johns, W. H. Neidlinger, James H. Rogers, and Alfred G. Robyn. No one will question the right of Edward MacDowell to head this array of song writers, even if he had written no other song than "A Robin Sings in the Apple Tree." It must be acknowledged, however, that the songs of these writers are not Folk Songs, but songs indebted for whatever merit they possess largely to European influence, musical education, and individual mood.

## CHAPTER IV

### LOVE SONGS

ANNIE LAURIE

“Maxwelton’s banks are bonnie,  
They’re a’ clad ower wi’ dew,  
When I an’ Annie Laurie  
Made up the bargain true.  
Made up the bargain true;  
Which ne’er forgot s’all be.  
An’ for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I’d lay me down an’ dee.

“She’s backit like the peacock,  
She’s breastit like the swan,  
She’s jimp around the middle,  
Her waist ye well nicht span,  
An’ she has a rollin’ ee,  
An’ for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I’d lay me down an’ dee.”

*(Original version.)*

LOVE has been absolute in its domination of the art of song. Burns aptly describes their relationship in the couplet in which he likens his love to “a melody sweetly played in tune,” and few are the poets whose noblest verse has not been animated by the master passion.

Scott, in his "Lay of the Last Minstrel," sings:

"Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,  
And men below and saints above."

From the days of the old bards and minstrels to the present time, the art of song has been attuned to the tender passion in luxuriant profusion, and nowhere more profusely than in England. One of the earliest of this class of lyrics belongs to the time of Henry VIII (whose love, by the way, is described in one of his own songs as "Pastime with good Company"), and pictures the distress of a lover:

"Ah! the syghes that come fro' my heart,  
They grieve me passing sore;  
Syth I must fro' my love depart,  
Farewell my joys forever more."

Another song, of the time of James I, is more cheerful. The lover has decided to marry a maid, for "widows full oft, as they say, know too much." Love was a frequent incentive of song in Elizabeth's day, though the Virgin Queen successfully resisted its advances. In one song, the lover decides that love is a plague, for his mistress is inconstant, insists upon gain-saying him, and "alack, and well-a-day, Phillida flouts me." "Willow, willow" was the burden of many a love song, especially one commemorating the poor soul who "sat sighing by a sicamore tree," and wished it written upon his tomb "that in love he was true."

The handsome milkmaid in Walton's *Compleat Angler* sings Kit Marlow's song, "Come, live with me and be my Love." "Green Sleeves," the melody of which is still fresh, though it antedates Shakspeare, who puts it in the mouth of Falstaff, is the complaint of a lover whose mistress has deserted him after he had bought her "kerchers," "petticoats of the best," "jewels for her chest," "crimson stockings all of silk," and whatever else she craved. To Sir Walter Raleigh is attributed the familiar song:

"Shall I, wasting in despair,  
Die because a woman's fair?  
Or my cheeks make fall with care,  
Because another's rosy?  
Be she fairer than the day,  
Or the flowery meads in May,  
If she be not so to me,  
What care I how fair she be?"

In the days of the Stuarts, love songs were as plenty as the leaves in Vallombrosa. In one song, "Oh, for a Husband!" a maiden is sighing for fear she will not have a husband, though she is only fifteen. At last an ancient suitor comes and, despite her mother's advice, she takes him, but the burden of her song soon turns to

"Oh! Oh! Oh! with a husband,  
What a life lead I!  
Out upon a husband, such a husband,  
A husband, fie, fie, fie!"

There is an exemplification of human nature in this extract from Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*:

"A thing nevertheless frequently used and part of a gentlewoman's bringing up, is to sing songs, dance, play on the lute or some such instrument before she can say her Pater Noster or Ten Commandments; 'tis the next way, their parents think, to get them husbands. They are compelled to learn. But we see this daily verified in our young women and wives, that, being maids, took so much pains to sing songs, play and dance, with such cost and charge to their parents to get these graceful qualities, now, being married, will scarce touch an instrument. They care not for it."

Quaint old Burton little thought his complaint of maids who sing and play and dance no more after marriage would apply to twentieth century maids as well, except in the matter of dancing which only ends when the leaves are sere and yellow.

"My Lodging, It is on the cold Ground" was one of the favorite songs in the time of Charles II. It is the lament of a shepherdess over her sad condition and the hardheartedness of her lover. It was interpolated in a play and the lady who sang it so pleased the King that he took her off the stage, and her lodging was no longer on the cold ground. She had a daughter by the King, Mary Tudor, who married into the nobility. The "Song of Barbara Allen," the cruel one, is familiar even to this day. Though her lover, Jemmy Grove, was dying for her sake, all that Barbara could say when she came reluctantly to see him, was, "Young man, I think you're dying," and, "I cannot keep you

from your death, farewell, said Barbara Allen." But when Barbara came to her deathbed, she sorely repented and left a solemn warning:

" 'Farewell,' she said, 'ye virgins all,  
And shun the fault I fell in:  
Henceforth take warning by the fall  
Of cruel Barbara Allen.' "

Another universal favorite of this period was "Black-eyed Susan." It is a pretty farewell scene between William, who, "high upon the yard, rocked with the billows to and fro," espied her as she came on board. After mutual assurances of constancy —

"The boatswain gave the dreadful word,  
The sails their swelling bosom spread;  
No longer must she stay on board.  
They kissed, she sighed, he hung his head.  
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land;  
'Adieu,' she cries, and wav'd her lily hand."

Contemporary with "Black Eyed Susan" is "Sally in our Alley," written and composed by Henry Carey. The author's account of its origin is very interesting:

"A shoemaker's 'prentice, making holiday with his sweet-heart, treated her with a sight of Bedlam, the puppet shows, the flying chairs, and all the elegancies of Moorfields, from whence proceeding to the farthing pye-house, he gave her a collation of buns, cheesecakes, gammon of bacon, stuffed beef, and bottled ale, through all which scenes the author dodged them. Charmed with the simplicity of their courtship, he drew from what he had witnessed, this little sketch of nature, but being then young and obscure, he was very much ridiculed by some of

his acquaintances for this performance, which, nevertheless, made its way into the polite world, and amply recompensed him by the applause of the divine Addison, who was pleased more than once to mention it with approbation."

The author would have been still more greatly recompensed perhaps if he had known that Beethoven was to set his words to music.

One of the most beautiful of love songs is "Drink to me only with thine Eyes," the poetry by Ben Jonson. The music has been attributed to Mozart, but there is no allusion to it in Jahn's exhaustive theme catalogue of Mozart's music, and the writer remains unknown. It is simple and beautiful, and still holds its own on the concert stage, "Beauty is its own excuse for being."

The victims of these love songs are mostly Celias, Lauras, Chlorises, Chloes, Nancys, and Florellas, and their victims in turn are Damons, Polydores, Phylanders, Colins, and Strephons. Many of these are shepherds, "leading flocks along the mead," who are always struck with reverential awe when they first behold the charmers. They are generally serious and delightfully sentimental in their love-making, and they nearly always preach a little sermon. The Phylander who secured the hand of Amanda says:

"How much superior Beauty awes,  
The coldest Bosoms find;  
But with resistless Force it draws  
To Sense and Virtue join'd.

“The Casket where, to outward show,  
The Artist’s Hand is seen,  
Is doubly valued, when we know  
It holds a Gem within.”

Chloe also, when she asks the nymphs to select a swain for her, stipulates that reason must preside over his thoughts and honor guide his actions. He must be steadfast in virtue. His mind must be informed with solid sense, and he must be a friend to modest merit — mental and moral eugenics, in brief. Such is “the swain designed for love and me,” whom Chloe seeks. It will be observed she makes no stipulations as to good looks or money, as is the manner of contemporary love-making. Except in the cases of soldiers and sailors, nearly all of the love ballads end happily. The soldiers generally die in the arms of their Florindas. The sailors go “down among the dead men,” and their Mollies and Peggies abandon themselves to the very ecstasies of despair. In one song, a bride-to-be is in desperate straits and is about to give up marrying Wolly, because she has neither blankets nor sheets and is “scant o’ clothes.” The whole family labors with her. The bride’s mother says:

“The Deel flick awe this Pride.  
I had ne a Plack in my Pocket  
The Day I was made a Breed.  
My Gown was linfey-winfey,  
And neer a Sark at aw,  
And you hae Gowns and Bufkins  
Mair than ane or twa.”

The father, who has come in from the plough, cries out:

“Hawd your Tongue, my Daughter,  
And ye’ve get Geer enough.  
The Stirk that gaws in the Tether  
And our broad brassen Yade  
To lade your corn in Harvest;  
What wad you hae, you Jade!”

Then the brother, who has come in from the barn, expostulates in genuine brotherly fashion:

“Wolly wad neer hae had you  
Had he knawn you as weel as I,  
For you’re baith proud and fancy,  
Ne fit for a pure mon’s wife.  
Gin I neer hae better than you  
I neer hae ane in my life.”

The poor sister, as she sits down by the fire, concludes this interesting family scene:

“O gin I were married to Neet,  
It’s awe that I desire,  
But I, pure girl, must live single  
And do the best I can.  
I did not care what came of me  
So I had but a gude Man.”

Wolly does not seem to have taken any part in the symposium, but the onslaught is too much for “the jade.” She swallows her pride and marries Wolly

without further protest, and without blankets, sheets, or a trousseau.

It must be confessed the love sentiment a hundred years ago is a little tiresome. There is much of the plaintive notes of sweet Ellen, "Sorrow's child"; of the anguish of the "hapless maid Maria," who has a lovelorn story; and of "Caroline of Litchfield," whose love was nipt by adverse fate "an scarcely it was dawning"; and of many other sorrowful maids, waiting for death to end their lives of woe. The song writers of that day made quite free with distinguished persons. In one lyric, General Wolfe bids a fond adieu to his Sophia. Stearne's Maria, whose rest has been disturbed by love, is pathetically apostrophized. Major André sends this last maudlin message to Delia:

"Since I'm removed from state,  
And bid adieu to time,  
At my unhappy fate,  
Let Delia not repine.  
But may the mighty Jove  
Her crown with happiness!  
This grant, ye powers above,  
And take my soul to bliss."

A generation later, the Chloes, Florindas, and Daphnes disappear, and in their places we have Nannies, Peggies, and Emmas; but they are the same love-lorn maidens in the fashion of another time, chanting in the same lugubrious and languishing manner the

same old story. Nannie gives Robin no hope, and Robin complains:

“ To let her cows my clover taste,  
Have I not rose by break of day?  
When did her heifers ever fast,  
If Robin in his yard had hay?  
Tho’ to my fields they welcome were,  
I never welcome was to her.”

Peggie was a lass of much the same sort:

“ Five hundred fops, with shrugs and hops,  
And leers, and smiles, and smirking,  
Most willing she would leave for me —  
Oh, what a Peggie Perkins! ”

“ Poor Emma,” whose Henry had gone to the wars, was continually sighing:

“ Nor was it strange so little fear,  
Should fill a breast like hers  
For, ah! she mourned her Henry dear,  
Whom cruel war had from her torn.  
She heard the night bird’s horrid screaming,  
The lightning glared, ah! dread dilemma!  
And Henry’s ghost, the frequent gleaming  
Disclosed, and shrieking swooned poor Emma! ”

Coming to our own times, we have love songs in great profusion, but in this connection reference will be made only to those which have the lasting quality and are familiar in the home. Among these are

"Believe me, if all those Endearing Young Charms," "Highland Mary," "Mary of Argyle," "Robin Adair," "Annie Laurie," "Coming through the Rye" (which in a certain sense is a love song), "Kathleen Mavourneen," "Long, Long Ago," "O Fair Dove, O Fond Dove," "O Wert thou in the cauld Blast," "Then You'll remember Me," "When the Swallows homeward fly," "'Twas Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town," "Good-bye, Sweet Heart, good-bye," "Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch," and "Billy Boy." Among these I should class "Annie Laurie" as the best love song of modern times, for what higher tribute could lover pay to his mistress than "lay me down an' dee"? "Robin Adair," I should place next:

"Come to my heart again,  
Robin Adair,  
Never to part again,  
Robin Adair.  
And if thou still are true,  
I will be constant too,  
And will wed none but you,  
Robin Adair."

There is an "if" in this song. There is no "if" in "Annie Laurie." The words of "Robin Adair" were written by Lady Caroline Keppel. The music is based upon "Eileen Aroon," an old Irish minstrel tune, which Denis à Hempson, the harper, used to play. It has been claimed by the Scotch, but it has been well established that Hempson took it to Scot-

land. There was a genuine Robin Adair, a young Irish medical student, with whom Lady Keppel fell in love at first sight. After much opposition from her relatives, they were married, in 1758, and lived happily ever after. The authorship has been incorrectly attributed to Burns, but he only gave it its Scottish dress. The original melody was probably written in the sixteenth century.

Bayard Taylor has paid a beautiful tribute to the popularity of "Annie Laurie" in his "Song of the Camp":

" 'Give us a song,' the soldiers cried,  
The outer trenches guarding,  
When the heated guns of the camps allied  
Grew weary of bombarding.

" There was a pause. A guardsman said:  
' We storm the fort tomorrow:  
Sing while we may; another day  
Will bring enough of sorrow.'

" They sang of love and not of fame,  
Forgot was Britain's glory;  
Each heart recalled a different name,  
But all sang 'Annie Laurie.' "

The words of "Annie Laurie" were written by William Douglas, of Finland, and were modernized by an unknown writer. The music, as it is now sung, was written by Lady John Scott. Annie Laurie, daughter of Sir Robert Laurie, was born in 1682, at

Maxwelton House, and was married to Alexander Ferguson in 1709. Douglas was an ardent lover of Annie, but for some reason she preferred Ferguson—"the bargain was forgot." Douglas took part in one of the Scotch uprisings, and fled the country. Later he was one of the Scotch legion in France. Tradition affirms that he was true to his love declaration,

"An' for bonnie Annie Laurie,  
I'd lay me down an' dee,"

for he died upon the battle field, a lock of her hair in his hand, and his last words were her name. In the original version there are but two stanzas, which were modernized by Lady Scott. It is somewhat uncertain who wrote the third in the modern:

"Like dew on the gowan lying,  
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;  
Like summer breezes sighing,  
Her voice is low and sweet,  
Her voice is low and sweet.  
An' she's a' the world to me,  
An' for bonnie Annie Laurie,  
I'd lay me down an' dee."

Few love songs have been greater favorites than "Comin' thro the Rye." It is usually supposed that the maid upon whom all the lads smiled received this favor as she met them when coming through the rye field, but the evidence is stronger that the rye was a little river in Scotland, which was crossed on stepping

stones where anyone meeting a lassie was privileged to demand a toll of kisses. But it is immaterial whether they met in a grain field or on the river. The song has long been in the encore repertory of great singers.

Is there a more passionate love song than Beethoven's "Adelaide"? A more tender love song than Heine's "Du bist wie eine Blume"? A more gallant love song than "Drink to me only with thine Eyes"? A more perfect and appealing love song, from every point of view, than "Annie Laurie"?

## CHAPTER V

### SONGS OF SENTIMENT

#### HOME, SWEET HOME

“ ’Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there’s no place like home.  
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,  
Which, seek thro’ the world, is ne’er met with elsewhere.  
Home! home! sweet, sweet home,  
There’s no place like home, there’s no place like home.

“ An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;  
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again;  
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call;  
Give me them, and that peace of mind dearer than all.  
Home! home! sweet, sweet home,  
There’s no place like home, there’s no place like home.”  
— *John Howard Payne.*

SONGS of sentiment were not so abundant in the early English period as love songs, drinking songs, sea songs, hunting songs, and patriotic songs. Nearly every pastoral song had its Damon and Phyllis or Strephon and Clorinda, sighing through its stanzas. The homely virtues were not often celebrated in verse, although Henry VIII made a valiant endeavor to do so in his own song, “ Pastime with good Company.”

The pastimes which he loved were the hunt, the song, the dance, and a jolly company, and yet he declares before his song is done, with curious inconsistency, that "company with honesty is virtue and vice to flee."

"The best I see,  
The worst eschew;  
My mind shall be  
Virtue to me;  
Vice to eschew,  
I shall use me."

It would be interesting to have the opinions of Catharine of Aragon, Anne Boleyn, Jane Seymour, Anne of Cleves, and Catherine Howard as to the virtuous declarations of the royal Bluebeard. There is an English "Dance of Death" in the sixteenth century, which may be called sentimental, in which Death invites all mankind to dance, but warns fair ladies, old beldames, stout champions, and bold soldiers to watch and pray

"That when my minstrel pipe doth play,  
You may to heaven dance the way."

In another song of this period, "The Cramp," the hero laments that the cramp is in his purse full sore, and that money will not hide it, but if he had a salve therefor, how lightly he would sing. Another bids us cast care away and merrily sing, for

"He that plays at his work, and works at his play,  
Doth neither keep working nor holiday."

There was a song in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, "Jog On, Jog On," full of cheerful philosophy, which has been often paraphrased in modern times:

"Jog on, jog on the footpath way,  
And merrily nent the stile-a;  
Your merry heart goes all the day;  
Your sad tires in a mile-a."

Antolycus in "The Winter's Tale" had not only songs of all sizes for man or woman, but "delicate burdens of dildos and fadings." There is a "fading," or Irish dance song, in Elizabeth's time, in which the country clown expresses his contempt for the courtiers, and tells them, while they dance "corants and the French Braul," the rustics jig the "Morris" upon the green,

"And make as good sport in a country hall,  
As you do before the King and Queen."

In "Gathering Peascods," a song of James' time, a lover of nature describes his raptures as he wanders in the blossom of the year, "'mid perfume and sweet sound." In the ballad, "The Poor Man's Resolution," the poor man discourses most excellent philosophy. Though he lacks both money and clothes, he lives wondrous well, for he has a contented mind and "a heart to bear out all." Sorrow and care will never trouble him, for though his back goes bare, he is "ragged and torn and true." In "The Merry Milk-

maids in Green," in the time of Charles I, the tune of which is sung by Ophelia in "Hamlet," a long and graceful tribute is paid the milkmaids, from which I quote one stanza:

"Those lasses nice and strange,  
That keep shops in the Exchange,  
Sit pricking of clouts  
And giving of flouts;  
They seldom abroad do range.  
Then comes the green sickness,  
And changeth their likeness,  
All this for want of good sale.  
But 'tis not so  
As proof doth show,  
By those that go  
In frost and snow  
To carry the milking pail."

Robin Hood, the charming outlaw and his equally charming companions, Little John and Friar Tuck, are the subjects of many songs, among them "Robin Hood and the Tanner," "Robin Hood and the Curtal Friar," "Robin Hood and the Pinder of Wakefield," "Robin Hood and the Bishop of Hereford," "Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne," and a toast to Robin, which concludes:

"Like that yeoman brave,  
We hate a canting knave,  
As the very worst of companie;  
So though bold Robin's gone,  
Still his heart lives on,  
And we drink to him with three times three."

“ Oh, the Broom, the bonny Broom,” is one of the few sentimental songs of the Commonwealth time, in which a bonnie lass, who has been deceived by the sugared words of her lover, would fain be in the north country, “ to milk my daddy’s ewes.” “ In the Summer Time ” is a characteristic song of the days of Charles II:

“ O’er hills and dales, to Whitsun ales,  
We dance a merry fyttē.  
When Susan sweet with John doth meet,  
She gives him Hit for Hit.  
From head to foot she holds him to’t,  
And jumps as high as he;  
O! how they spring it, flounce and fling it,  
Under the greenwood tree.”

It will possibly surprise the reader to learn that “ Boys and girls, come out to play, the Moon doth shine as bright as day,” dates back to 1729. The famous song, “ The Roast Beef of Old England,” is of Queen Anne’s time, and is a lament over the decadence of the roast and the introduction of effeminate dainties from France and Spain. The roast beef of old England, decadent in Queen Anne’s time, is now a dish of the past and has disappeared from song and dinner. It is the roast beef of America that decks the English tables. A famous old song, “ Down Among the Dead Men,” is a tribute to the memory of Queen Anne and consigns everyone to the dead men who re-

fuses to drink to her health. It was a general toast to woman also, as will be seen from these lines:

“ And may confusion still pursue  
The senseless woman-hating crew,  
And they that woman’s health deny,  
Down among the dead men let them lie.”

“ The Vicar of Bray,” celebrating the many shifts of that clerical turncoat, Simon Aley, Canon of Windsor, was written in the reign of George I, and is a favorite to this day. There are few finer illustrations of the songs of the olden time than Sheridan’s delightful song in “ The School for Scandal,” “ Let the Toast pass ”:

“ Here’s to the maiden of bashful fifteen,  
Now to the widow of fifty;  
Here’s to the flaunting, extravagant quean,  
And here’s to the housewife that’s thrifty.  
Let the toast pass, drink to the lass,  
I’ll warrant she’ll prove an excuse for the glass.”

Two other favorite songs must be included in this selection — “ The Lass o’ Richmond Hill,” and “ John Anderson, my Jo John.” The text of the former was written in the eighteenth century by Leonard McNally, a barrister, and celebrates the charms of a Miss Janson, of Richmond Hill, whom he subsequently married. The music was written by Hook. That universal favorite, “ John Anderson, my Jo John,” so far as the music is concerned, is very old, as its

tune is based upon an old song, "I Am the Duke of Norfolk," written in the latter part of the sixteenth century, and one of the treasures in Queen Elizabeth's "Virginal Book." The verses are by many hands. The two which were written by Burns are appended:

"John Anderson, my Jo John,  
When we were first acquent,  
Your locks were like the raven,  
Your bonnie brow was brent;  
But now your brow is bald, John,  
Your locks are like the snow,  
Yet blessings on your frosty pow,  
John Anderson, my Jo.

"John Anderson, my Jo John,  
We clamb the hill thegither,  
And mony a cantie day, John,  
We've had wi' ane anither;  
Now we maun totter down, John,  
But hand in hand we'll go,  
And we'll sleep thegither at the foot,  
John Anderson, my Jo."

The sentimental songs in English of the nineteenth century do not differ materially from their predecessors. They are simple in melody, "linked sweetness, long drawn out," with stanzas setting forth the homely virtues in a somewhat commonplace manner, and nearly always permeated by a vein of plaintiveness. It is difficult in this sophisticated and unsentimental age to understand what satisfaction our grandfathers

and grandmothers could get out of "I'll hang my Harp on a Willow Tree," "Be kind to the loved Ones at Home," "I'd be a Butterfly," "Ben Bolt," "Tran-cadillo," "Flow gently, sweet Afton," "Listen to the Mocking Bird," "Oh, Would I were a Boy Again," "The Minstrel Boy," "Sweet and Low," "The Vacant Chair," "Near the Lake where dropped the Willow," "The Blue Juniata," "Do they miss me at Home," "Araby's Daughter," "Ever of Thee," "Gaily the Troubadour," "Blue-Eyed Mary," "Jean-nette and Jeannot," "Bounding Billows," "Roll on, silver Moon," "Thou hast wounded the Spirit that loved Thee," "Long, long Ago" and scores of other similar ditties. It would probably have been just as difficult for them to understand how we can get any satisfaction out of rag time, musical comedy patter, and futurist music, which make up the most of our song material. Bispham, McCormack, Mme. Schumann-Heink, and one or two others, are making a valiant effort to sustain the public interest in English, Irish, and German Song, but songs in English have reached a low ebb.

In the songs of the nineteenth century there is one which has kept all its freshness and popularity, "The Old Oaken Bucket." It was written by Samuel Woodworth, who died in 1842. "The deep tangled wild wood," the brook and meadow, the cataract and hill were all part of an estate at Scituate, Massachusetts, of which the old Woodworth homestead was the center. The story goes that Woodworth, while engaged in

journalistic work in New York, came home one exceedingly hot day and sought to cool himself with a drink of water. As he set down the glass, the old oaken bucket, with its draught of cool, refreshing water, came to his mind and inspired the poem. It was a universal favorite at once, such a favorite, indeed, that not long after the song was printed, the bucket, which outshines all other buckets of romance, was stolen —

“The old oaken bucket,  
The iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-covered bucket,  
That hung in the well.”

There are three songs of the olden time which have never lost their freshness or their appeal to the popular heart, “Auld Lang Syne,” “The Last Rose of Summer,” and “Home, Sweet Home.” They might well be called the three Immortals of English songs of sentiment. “Auld Lang Syne” was not written by Burns, as is generally supposed. He only retouched and graced the work of some older poet. How well he succeeded, however, will be seen by a comparison of the first verse of each. The original version reads:

“Should auld acquaintance be forgot  
And never thought upon,  
The flame of love extinguished  
And fairly past and gone?  
Is thy kind heart now grown so cold  
In that loving breast of thine,  
That thou canst never once reflect  
On auld lang syne?”

Burns' version:

“Should auld acquaintance be forgot  
And never brought to min’?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot  
And days of auld lang syne?  
For auld lang syne, my dear, for auld lang syne,  
We’ll tak’ a cup o’ kindness yet, for auld lang syne.”

The words have been set to various melodies, but the one we know now was written by William Shield, and first appeared in the overture of one of his operas and was subsequently adapted to the words of the song. While “Auld Lang Syne” is so purely Scotch in text and melody, its appeal is universal, not only to the individual as recalling past memories, but to every social gathering as cementing old friendships. As John Chadwick wrote of it:

“It singeth low in every heart,  
We hear it each and all;  
A song of those who answer not,  
However memory call.”

Full many “a cup o’ kindness” has the dear old song inspired.

“The Last Rose of Summer,” to the melody of which Thomas Moore wrote the words, is not only a universal favorite among the people, but among the great singers also. Indeed, it is difficult to know what Nilsson, Patti, or Parepa Rosa would have done without this song in their encore repertory. None of

their operatic arias, however brilliant or technical, ever touched the popular heart like "The Last Rose of Summer." The composer of the melody is unknown, but it dates back to the seventeenth century and it has lost none of its freshness in the twentieth. Perhaps the opera of "Martha" would not have been so popular, or lasted so long, had it not been that Flotow introduces the song in it.

A popular referendum the world over would assign to "Home, Sweet Home" the highest place as an English song of sentiment. The words were written by John Howard Payne in October, 1822, while he was doing literary work in Paris. Roaming its streets one day, wearied and impecunious, he was overcome with homesickness, as he recalled the happy days of his early home life, and seating himself upon a bench in a little park, he wrote the lines of "Home, Sweet Home," little dreaming they would immortalize his name and make the song a household treasure the world over. The melody was written by Henry Bishop and was one of six numbers in his opera "Clari, the Maid of Milan," which was first given in the Covent Garden Theater, May 8, 1823, the song being sung by Miss Maria Tree. It created an instant furore and was soon known the world over. What has made its success? It is a song that came from the heart. It speaks to the heart. It voices the memories, the longings, the aspirations, the love of all human kind. It is the song of the joys and tears of millions. It brings back childhood days and the old familiar faces. It appeals

to the tenderest and purest sentiment of the human heart. And as long as the love of home remains among not only the English-speaking race, but among men of all races, the love of this sweetly tender song will remain, for —

“ Be it ever so humble, there’s no place like home.”

It is and always will be the world’s heart song. The world grows wiser and more practical, but does it grow happier? It gathers up great stores of knowledge, and men and women are eagerly striving to increase them. It heaps up wealth, and yet the struggle to accumulate grows fiercer and fiercer. The world has grown learned, but is it not losing something of pleasure that cannot be acquired by wealth or learned from books? It has the aeroplane, the automobile, the telephone, the wireless, the trusts and all the expressions of the commercial spirit in manifold variety. Sentiment is deemed old-fashioned, and we make strenuous efforts to conceal it, but it is there just the same, and “ Auld Lang Syne,” “ The Last Rose of Summer,” and “ Home, Sweet Home ” can bring it to the surface as if by magic.

## CHAPTER VI

### PATRIOTIC SONGS

#### THE MARSEILLAISE

“Ye sons of France, awake to glory,  
Hark! Hark! What myriads bid you rise,  
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,  
Behold their tears and hear their cries.  
Shall hated tyrants, mischief breeding,  
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,  
Affright and desolate the land,  
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?

*Refrain:*

“To arms! To arms, ye brave!  
The avenging sword unsheathe.  
March on, march on, all hearts resolved,  
To victory or death.”

*(Translation of 1795.)*

ONE of the noblest functions of song is its inspiration to patriotism. Every heroic contest, every struggle for freedom has been accompanied by its martial rhythm. The drowning of Pharaoh and his host was celebrated by Miriam in her triumphal song, “Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the

sea." Deborah and Barak sang their duet of rejoicing over the defeat of Sisera. Even Cavalier bravery could not withstand the Psalms of the Roundheads. Tyranny in France ended when the ringing notes of the "Marseillaise" roused the people to resistance. The "Wacht am Rhein" inspired the German armies in their last struggle with the French. In our own Revolution, the uncouth and trivial melody of "Yankee Doodle" was an inspiration at Lexington, Concord, and Bunker Hill, and in our Civil War, "The Battle Cry of Freedom," as Lincoln once said, "got more men to enlist in the United States army than fifty times one hundred and fifty of our best recruiting officers could ever do."

The English have three genuine native patriotic songs, "The British Grenadiers," "Rule Britannia," and "God Save the King." Of these "The British Grenadiers" is more than a century old. Its authorship is unknown, but with the true British veneration for tradition, it still remains a favorite national air. There are five stanzas, but only the first two are here given, as they sufficiently represent the spirit of the song:

"Some talk of Alexander,  
And some of Hercules,  
Of Hector and Lysander  
And such great names as these,  
But of all the world's great heroes,  
There's none that can compare,  
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row,  
To the British Grenadier.

“ These heroes of antiquity  
Ne’er saw a cannon ball,  
Or knew the force of powder  
To slay their foes withal;  
But our brave boys do know it,  
And banish all their fears,  
Sing tow, row, row, row, row,  
For the British Grenadiers.”  
(*Chorus* — “ But our brave boys,” etc.)

“ Rule Britannia,” like “ The British Grenadiers,” is purely English, and with many ranks above the latter, as well as “ God Save the King,” in popularity. It was composed by Arne, one of the greatest of the English composers, for his masque of “ Alfred,” which was produced in 1740 and afterwards changed to an opera. It has six stanzas, of which the first is given :

“ When Britain first at Heaven’s command,  
Arose from out the azure main,  
This was the charter, the charter of the land,  
And guardian angels sang this strain:  
‘ Rule Britannia, Britannia, rule the waves,  
Britons never, never shall be slaves.’ ”

Volumes might be filled with the evidence pro and con that has been brought forward in settling the authorship of “ God Save the King,” or “ Queen,” as it was originally written, but the general consensus of the best authorities awards the honor of both verse and melody to Henry Carey, the author also of “ Sally in our Alley.” It was first sung in 1743 by Carey at a tavern celebration of the capture of Portobello by

Admiral Vernon, and in public at Drury Lane and Covent Garden theaters in 1745, as an anti-papal protest. Its melody is simple, sedate, and dignified, and the general admiration for it is attested by its adoption in Hanover, Brunswick, Prussia, Saxony, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Switzerland, Sweden, Norway, and the United States. The melody has also been set to the German national hymn, "Heil dir im Sieges Kranz," the words of which were written by a Dane named Harries. I give the original text of the song to compare it with our own "America":

"God save our noble Queen,  
Long live our gracious Queen,  
Send her victorious, happy, and glorious,  
Long to reign over us,  
God save the Queen.

"Oh! Lord, our God, arise,  
Scatter her enemies,  
And make them fall.  
Confound their politics,  
Frustrate their knavish tricks,  
On Thee our hopes we fix,  
God save us all!

"Thy choicest gifts in store  
On her be pleased to pour,  
Long may she reign.  
May she defend our laws,  
And ever give us cause  
To sing, with heart and voice,  
God save the Queen."

The most stirring of the Scotch battle lyrics is "Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled," written by Burns in 1793, and commemorative of the battle of Bannockburn. It is set to the old tune of "Hey, Tuttie, Taillie," which, tradition affirms, was Robert Bruce's march at that battle. The most popular of Irish patriotic songs is a very modern one, "Wearing of the Green," written by Dion Boucicault, and sung by one of the characters in his play, "Arrah na Pogue."

"Oh! Paddy dear, and did you hear  
The news that's going round?  
The shamrock is forbid by law  
To grow on Irish ground."

The most heart-stirring patriotic song in the world is the "Marseillaise," the battle cry of revolution, and today the national hymn of the French Republic. It was composed in 1792 by Rouget de Lisle, who at that time was an officer of engineers in the garrison at Strasburg. He had written several other songs, but his "Marseillaise" alone remains and has made this amateur immortal. No other lyric played so important a part in the history of France, and it has become a conspicuous part of revolutionary history the world over. Heine pays it the following glowing tribute:

"A strong joy seizes me as I sit writing! Music resounds under my window and in the elegiac rage of its large melody, I recognize that hymn with which the handsome Barbaroux and his companions once greeted the city of Paris. What a song! It thrills me with fiery delight, it kindles within me

the glowing star of enthusiasm and the swift rocket of desire. Swelling, burning torrents of song rush from the heights of freedom in streams as bold as those with which the Ganges leaps from the heights of the Himalayas! I can write no more, the song intoxicates my brain. Louder and nearer advances the powerful chorus, 'Aux armes, citoyens!'"

The story goes that one night De Lisle was the guest of the Mayor of Strasburg, who requested him to compose a patriotic song for some public ceremony which was to take place in that city. After dinner he went to his room and, seating himself at the piano, composed the "Marseillaise," but was so exhausted by the effort that he fell asleep without writing it down. The next morning, however, he remembered every note. After it was sung at the ceremony, the multitudes took it up. It spread from them to the revolutionists at Marseilles and became their battle hymn, and they entered Paris singing its exultant strains. It spread among the Parisians like wildfire and became the lyric of the Revolution. It has since been adopted as the liberty song of the world. No other patriotic song has such an inspiring effect upon the popular heart. Its power over the people has been recognized also by many composers, and with thrilling effect by Schumann in his song, "The Two Grenadiers," and by Tchaikovsky, in his "1812 Overture." France has other revolutionary songs, among them the "Ca ira," music by Ladre, a street singer, and words by Becourt, a drummer at the Grand Opera; the "Carmagnole," brought from Piedmont by the French troops; the

"Chant du Depart," by Mehul, and "Malbrough" or "Malbrouck," the words of which were written by an unknown soldier, on the night after the battle of Malplaquet in 1709. The composer, likewise, is unknown. According to Grove, the song would have been lost but for Madame Poitrine, who sang it as a lullaby for the infant Dauphin. Marie Antoinette took a fancy to her baby's cradle song and sang it herself, and "Malbrouck, s'en va-t-en guerre" was soon heard in Versailles and Paris and at length throughout France. It is also a popular tune still in England and at the present day is set as a drinking song.

The three prominent patriotic songs in Germany are the "Heil dir im Sieges Kranz," the national anthem of Germany, set to the melody of "God Save the King," the "Wacht am Rhein," and "Deutschland über Alles."

The music of "Deutschland über alles" was written by Haydn in 1797, and the words by Hoffman von Fallersleben in 1841. Much criticism has been directed at this song upon the ground that it affirms the intention of Germany to conquer the world. This would seem, however, to be a misconception, for in 1841, when the song was written, there was no united Germany, and the poet's idea must have been the right of Germany to protect itself within its own borders. The music is in the chorale style, and is characterized by simple, smoothly flowing melody, almost sacred in style, rather than stirring and majestic harmony. Margaret Munsterberg, daughter of Prof. Hugo

Munsterberg of Harvard, has made the following excellent translation of the song:

“ German land, above all others,  
Dear above all other lands,  
That, a faithful host of brothers,  
Evermore united stands,  
That, from Maas to farthest Memel  
And from Etch to Belt expands:  
German land above all others,  
Dear above all other lands!

“ German faith and German women,  
German wine and German song  
In the world shall keep the beauties  
That of old to them belong,  
Still to noble deeds inspiring  
They shall always make us strong —  
German faith and German women,  
German wine and German song!

“ Union, right, and freedom ever  
For the German fatherland!  
So, with brotherly endeavor,  
Let us strive with heart and hand!  
For a bliss that wavers never  
Union, right, and freedom stand —  
In this glory bloom forever,  
Bloom, my German fatherland! ”

The “ Wacht am Rhein ” was written in 1840 by Max Scheckenberger, an obscure Swabian merchant, the music by Carl Wilhelm, and was wellnigh forgotten until it was revived during the Franco-German War as the battle cry of united Germany. Haydn’s

“Emperor’s Hymn” is the national anthem of Austria. The stately Russian Hymn, “God preserve Thy People,” is the most impressive of all national anthems.

And what of the patriotic songs of the United States? It might almost be said we have none of our own. It should be humiliating to the national pride that “The Star Spangled Banner” is sung to the tune of an English drinking song; that “Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean” is borrowed largely from “Rule Britannia”; that the melody of “Hail, Columbia” is of uncertain origin; that the tune of “America” was borrowed after it had done years of service in England, France, and Germany; and that “Yankee Doodle” may have been an English country dance or a Dutch children’s song or a Magyar melody or a Biscayan air — anything, indeed, except an original American melody. Other nations have their own songs, all home-made — we have borrowed all of ours.

There is a stirring lyric, “Adams and Liberty,” by Thomas Paine, set to the melody of “The Star Spangled Banner.” The closing verse is as follows:

“Let Fame to the world sound America’s voice;  
No intrigue can her sons from their Government sever.  
Her pride is her Adams, his laws are her choice,  
And shall flourish till liberty slumber forever.  
    Then unite, heart and hand,  
    Like Leonidas’ band,  
And swear to the God of the ocean and land,  
That ne’er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,  
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.”

The Thomas Paine who wrote this song must not be confounded with Thomas Paine, the statesman and free thinker. He was the son of Robert Treat Paine, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and signed this song, "Thomas Paine of Boston," to distinguish himself from Thomas Paine of Philadelphia.

"The Star Spangled Banner" has unofficially become our national hymn by army and navy regulations, and is now recognized as such when it is sung or played in the army or navy, and by the uprising of audiences on public occasions, some enthusiastically, some dutifully, some perfunctorily, some, however, remaining unmoved. It was written, as every one knows, by Francis Scott Key on the morning after the bombardment of Fort McHenry by the British fleet in 1814. The details of its composition are so familiar that it is hardly necessary to state them. At the suggestion of Nicholson, of Baltimore, a friend of Key, the song was printed and circulated among the soldiers and the people and aroused such enthusiasm that Ferdinand Durang, a musician, adapted the words to an old tune, "Anacreon in Heaven," and it was soon sung and played all over the country. Its musical history is interesting, though somewhat humiliating to American musical talent. The title of the earliest edition of the original tune reads: "The Anacreontic song as sung at the Crown and Anchor Tavern in the Strand, the words by Ralph Tomlinson, Esq., late president of the society." The melody was undoubtedly composed by

John Stafford Smith of Gloucester, England, musician, and it first made its appearance in Smith's book of canzonets written for the Anacreontic Society. It was sung in this country before it was adapted to Key's words.

That it was a tune sung by roysterers in an English tavern is clearly established. In 1903 the Navy Department declared it the national anthem, and Army Regulation 389 stipulates that whenever it is played at a military station, all officers and enlisted men must stand at attention. Another regulation orders that whenever the flag is hoisted, or lowered, the band must play "The Star Spangled Banner" and officers and men must stand at attention and salute. That the national anthem has not been received with universal national enthusiasm is not due to the fact that its borrowed melody is an English drinking song, but rather to the fact that the national larynx is not capable of properly expressing its spirit. It is doubtful whether many Americans could sing its last three stanzas, even if they wished to do so and could remember the words. The first stanza, with its commonplace call to attention, "O say," is comparatively easy, but the average American patriot gets irretrievably lost when he attempts the others. It has been claimed that there is hardly an American who can stand up and sing the last stanza of his national anthem. Where is the composer who will make "The Star Spangled Banner" singable, or give us a brand new anthem, comparable with the "Marseillaise"?

Another lyric, "Columbia," written by Timothy Dwight, who died in 1817, was a favorite in his day, and is remarkable now for its application to the existing war situation in Europe, as evidenced in its second verse:

"To conquest and slaughter let Europe aspire;  
Whelm nations in blood and wrap cities in fire.  
Thy heroes the rights of mankind shall defend,  
And triumph pursue them, and glory attend.  
A world is thy realm; for a world be thy laws,  
Enlarged as thine empire, and just as thy cause;  
On Freedom's broad basis that empire shall rise,  
Extend with the main, and dissolve with the skies."

The refrain of the lyric runs,

"Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,  
The queen of the world and the child of the skies."

"Yankee Doodle" was the national song of the Colonies, but fortunately has never risen to the dignity and honor of a national anthem. Its insignificant, shallow, and trivial words have been forgotten, and it is now only played — not sung. Why it should ever have made any impression upon the people is a problem in patriotic psychology. The grotesque words were probably written by one Dr. Shuckburgh, a surgeon in the French and Indian wars, and were sung during the Revolution in derision of the English troops. The origin of the tune itself is obscure and the only interesting thing about it is its extreme age. Mr.

Halliday, a musical scholar and antiquarian, finds that it was used as a chant in the Italian churches in the twelfth century. It is known that it was a vintage song in France and Spain, and a reapers' song in Holland. It is also said to have been founded upon a jig known in 1745 as "Kitty Fisher's Jig," and connected with the nursery rhyme of "Lucy Locket, who lost her pocket." The Cavaliers are said to have utilized it in ridicule of Cromwell, thus:

"Yankee Doodle came to town,  
Upon a Kentish pony;  
He stuck a feather in his cap  
And called it Macaroni."

The American version begins:

"Father and I went down to camp,  
Along with Captain Gooding,  
And there we seed the men and boys  
As thick as hasty pudding."

The variants of "Yankee Doodle" indeed are well-nigh innumerable. If the Sons of Liberty enjoyed it as giving any annoyance to the British troops, there is a little compensation in that.

The words of another of our patriotic songs, "America," were written at Andover, Massachusetts, by Rev. Samuel F. Smith, in 1832. Mr. Smith has said of it:

"Without attempting to translate or imitate the original, I was led, on the impulse of the moment, to write the hymn

now called 'America.' I did not intend it for a national hymn, but laid it aside, and a few months later gave it, with the music from the German book, to Lowell Mason, and to my surprise it was sung the following Fourth of July on the occasion of a Sunday School celebration in Park Street Church, Boston."

The text is set to the music of "God Save the King." Much and perhaps well-deserved criticism has recently been made upon its un-Americanism. It is purely a New England product, and has little relation to a large part of the country. There are neither "rocks and rills" nor "templed hills" in vast areas of America. It is not "the land of the Pilgrims' pride," which was a land of Blue Laws and much religious bigotry. It is not entirely applicable even to New England, for that section has undergone radical change. Its fourth verse —

"Our fathers' God, to Thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To Thee we sing.  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light.  
Protect us by thy might,  
Great God, our King."

has dignity and is exempt from the criticism mentioned. Our remaining national songs are of no great consequence. "Hail, Columbia," the words written by Joseph Hopkinson in 1798 for the benefit of a young actor, is commonplace in text. The music to it is not

original but was adapted from "The President's March," composed by a German named Fyles, to commemorate the visit of Washington to the John Street Theater in New York. "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," familiarly known as "The Red, White, and Blue," was written by an Englishman and there is some doubt as to what Englishman kindly provided us with this patriotic hymn. Some excellent authorities claim it is an international song and that its germs are to be found in one old English song —

"Britannia's a gem of the ocean,  
The home of the brave and the free,"

and in another English song, "Three Cheers for the Red and the Blue." The authorship of the words has been credited to various sources.

The Civil War was the occasion of numerous lyrics, both in the North and South. The most popular ones in the North were "John Brown's Body," "Battle Hymn of the Republic," "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," "Marching Through Georgia," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," and "The Battle Cry of Freedom." The text of "John Brown's Body" was written by Charles S. Hall, of Charlestown, Massachusetts, and the music adapted to it by James E. Greenleaf was that of a negro melody. "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," the best of all in poetic merit, was written by Julia Ward Howe. It was sung to the melody of "John Brown's Body," originally a camp

meeting tune set to the words, "Say, brother, will you meet me," written in 1855 by John W. Stepps of Richmond, Va. "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" was composed by Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore in New Orleans, while on duty there as band master in General Butler's command. I infer from what he told me on one occasion that the melody is that of an old negro song. "Marching Through Georgia," was written by Henry Clay Work, and was sung so often that at last it sung itself out, much to the relief of General Sherman, but before this occurred it was sung by the English in India and it is reported the Japanese played it when they entered Port Arthur.

"Tramp, Tramp, Tramp" and "The Battle Cry of Freedom" were from the pen of that industrious song writer, George F. Root, one of the pioneers of the old-fashioned singing school. The latter song was one of the most stirring of the northern war lyrics, and its history is interesting. When President Lincoln issued his second call for troops, "The Battle Cry of Freedom" occurred to Mr. Root as a motive for the song while he was reading the document. He dashed it off hurriedly the next morning at the music store in which he was a partner. There was to be a public meeting on the same day in the Chicago Court House Square. Frank and Jules Lombard, who were the singers laureate of the war period, came to the store to get something new to sing. Mr. Root gave them his song. They ran it over once or twice, went to the meeting and shouted it in their trumpet tones, and before the

last verse was finished, thousands joined in the refrain. It spread from that Square all over the country. It was heard in camps, on the march, and on the battlefield. It became the northern "Marseillaise." I heard it sung once under peculiar circumstances, when I was with the Mississippi River flotilla, acting as correspondent for the *Chicago Tribune*. There was a transport in convoy of the fleet, with troops on board. One evening as I sat upon the deck of the flagship, wondering what would happen next day, for the Confederates were in our immediate vicinity behind strong batteries, I heard a clear tenor voice on the transport singing "The Battle Cry of Freedom." As the singer's notes died away on the evening air, the response of "Dixie" came across the water from an equally clear tenor. As soon as he had ceased, the first singer resumed with a vigorous shout of the song which declares, "We'll hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree, as we go marching on." And then all was silent for the night.

The best of the southern war lyrics were "The Bonnie Blue Flag," "Maryland, My Maryland," and "Dixie." The "Bonnie Blue Flag" melody was written by Henry McCarthy, a member of a negro minstrel troupe, and the words by Anne Chambers Ketchum. It was first sung at the Mississippi Convention which passed the act of secession, and met with great favor in the South, though overshadowed both by the "Maryland" song and "Dixie." The poem of "Maryland, My Maryland," the work of James R. Randall, a journalist in New Orleans, is of more than

ordinary merit. Mr. Randall wrote it as a tribute to his friend Colonel Ward who was wounded during the passage of the Massachusetts troops through Baltimore in 1861. It was first published in Baltimore, Mr. Randall's native city, set to the German student and festival air of "Tannenbaum." Although its sentiment is local to the State of Maryland, it was adopted as a Confederate lyric and continued as such until it was displaced by "Dixie," which even to this day arouses the old southern spirit and is enthusiastically greeted wherever it is sung or played before a northern audience. This may be due possibly to the fact that it has no connection with the war and does not reflect in any way the southern war sentiment. It was written in 1859, before the war broke out, by Daniel Decatur Emmett, a northerner, and member of the Bryant Negro Minstrel Company, as a walk around, and became a great favorite in the North before it was known in the South, because of its genuine Ethiopian character. It was first sung in the South at New Orleans in a theater spectacle and afterward at the inauguration of Jefferson Davis as President of the Southern Confederacy, and was chosen by the band master on that occasion because it was catchy. It made a hit at once and was adopted as the southern war song. Some of the war lyricists, among them General Albert Pike, tried to change the song so that it should have some bearing upon southern war sentiment and thus arouse an increased enthusiasm, but their efforts were in vain, and the original version was adhered to. The first

verse is appended as showing its general character as a negro melody:

“ I wish I were in the land of cotton.  
Old times dar am not forgotten,  
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie Land.  
In Dixie Land where I was born in,  
Early on one frosty mornin’ —  
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie Land.

*Chorus:*

“ Den I wish I was in Dixie,  
Hooray, hooray,  
In Dixie Land I’ll take my stand,  
An’ live and die in Dixie.  
Away, away, away down South in Dixie,  
Away, away, away down South in Dixie.”

Another version reads:

“ Away down South in de fields of cotton,  
Cinnamon seed and sandy bottom;  
    Look away, look away,  
    Look away, look away.  
Den ’way down South in de fields of cotton,  
Vinegar shoes and paper stockings;  
    Look away, look away,  
    Look away, look away.  
Den I wish I was in Dixie’s land,  
    Oh — oh!   Oh — oh!  
In Dixie’s land I’ll take my stand,  
And live and die in Dixie’s land,  
    Away, away, away,  
    Away down South in Dixie.”

The first verse of General Pike's version reads:

"Southrons, hear, your country calls you!  
Up! lest worse than death befall you!  
To arms! to arms! to arms! In Dixie,  
Lo, all the beacon fires are lighted;  
Let all hearts be united.  
To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie."

*Chorus:*

"Advance, the flag of Dixie, hurrah! hurrah!" etc.

As to the origin of "Dixie," Mr. Emmett says:

"As soon as cold, wintry weather set in up North, the minstrels of the company would wish themselves back in Dixie's Land. On a very cold day it was common for them to say longingly, 'Oh, I wish I was in Dixie.'"

As to the meaning of the word "Dixie," as then used, it was vaguely supposed to be a diminutive of "Dixon," referring to any place south of Mason and Dixon's line, but no authoritative statement of its real meaning has ever been made. Whatever its significance, "Dixie" is as popular in the North today as it is in the South.

Another song, very popular in the homes of the South during the Civil War, was "The Homespun Dress," written by Carrie B. Sinclair and sung to the tune of "The Bonnie Blue Flag." It is an interesting coincidence that the cotton dress is now agitating the women of the South and North alike, as it did their

mothers and grandmothers in the sixties. The first verse and chorus are sufficient to illustrate its sentiment:

“ Oh, yes, I am ‘a Southern girl,  
And glory in the name,  
And boast it with far greater pride  
Than glittering wealth or fame.  
We envy not the Northern girl  
Her robes of beauty rare,  
Though diamonds grace her snowy neck,  
And pearls bedeck her hair.

*Chorus:*

“ Hurrah! Hurrah!  
For the Sunny South so dear,  
Three cheers for the homespun dress  
The Southern ladies wear! ”

It is interesting to note that Stephen C. Foster, the composer of negro melodies, contributed four songs to the northern collection of patriotic lyrics — “ We’re a Million in the Field,” “ Stand by the Flag,” “ For the Dear Old Flag I Die,” and “ Was My Brother in the Battle,” but they made little impression and were soon forgotten.

The titanic war now (1915) progressing in Europe between Germany and Austria-Hungary on the one hand, and the allies on the other, with nearly all the smaller nations standing at arms on their borders, accentuates the importance and influence of the national song. The songs of the nations engaged are as follows: Great Britain, “ God Save the King ” and “ Rule Britannia ”; France, the “ Marseillaise ”; Ger-

many, "Heil dir im Sieger Kranz," "Deutschland, über Alles" and the "Wacht am Rhein"; Austria, "Gott, erhalte Franz den Kaiser"; Hungary, "Isten ald Mag a Magyar"; Russia, "God, Protect the Czar"; Japan, "Keemee Tajo" ("May the Empire Last"), written by Hajashi Hiromori; Servia, "Arise, Ye Servians"; Montenegro, "Onward, Onward"; Belgium, the "Brabançonne"; Greece, "Sons of Greece, Come Arise"; Canada, "The Maple Leaf Forever"; Roumania, "Long Live the King." The text of the English and French hymns has already appeared in these pages, and for the sake of companionship, the text of the others is appended:

### GERMANY

#### THE WATCH ON THE RHINE

"A roar like thunder strikes the ear,  
Like clang of arms or breakers near;  
Push forward for the German Rhine!  
Who shields thee, dear, beloved Rhine?

#### *Chorus:*

"Dear Fatherland, thou need'st not fear,  
Thy Rhineland watch stands firmly here!  
Dear land, dear Fatherland, thou need'st not fear,  
Thy faithful Rhineland watch stands firmly here!

"A hundred thousand hearts beat high,  
The flash darts forth from ev'ry eye;  
For Teutons brave, inured by toil,  
Protect their country's holy soil."

#### *(Chorus.)*

## AUSTRIA

## GOD PRESERVE OUR NOBLE EMPEROR

“ God preserve our noble Emp’ror, Franz our Emp’ror, good  
and great;

Mighty ruler, high in wisdom, we his glory celebrate!

Love shall twine him laurel garlands, they become his regal  
state!

God preserve our noble Emp’ror, Franz our Emp’ror, good  
and great!

God preserve our noble Emp’ror, Franz our Emp’ror, good  
and great!

“ Over blooming lands his scepter doth extend both wide and  
far;

Of his throne the noblest pillars righteousness and mercy are,  
Over all his shield extended beams effulgent as a star.

God preserve our noble Emp’ror, Franz our Emp’ror, good  
and great!

“ To array himself in virtue, ever was his constant care;

Only to defend his people doth his sword flame high in air,

In their blessings thus rewarded he finds all his pleasure  
there.

God preserve our noble Emp’ror, Franz our Emp’ror, good  
and great!

“ Bonds of slav’ry he has broken, he has made his people free;

May his days be ever happy, he, the flower of chivalry;

And the smile of children’s children cheer him when his hour  
is nigh.

God preserve our noble Emp’ror, Franz our Emp’ror, good  
and great!”

## HUNGARY

## LORD OF HEAVEN

“ Lord of Heaven, bless our land,  
Joy and plenty here bestow ;  
In our need, lift thine hand,  
Strong to shield us from the foe.  
Hungary in days of old,  
Proud and fearless, staunch and free,  
Call'd her sons from field and fold  
To die for liberty;  
Call'd her sons from field and fold  
To die for liberty.

“ Hail, all hail, holy land !  
Crown'd with lonely mothers' tears ;  
Onward lead, hero band,  
Onward ever through the years ;  
Peace shall follow after pain,  
Love shall garner in her store,  
Freedom rises once again,  
Shall live for evermore ;  
Freedom rises once again,  
Shall live for evermore.”

## RUSSIA

## GOD PROTECT THE CZAR !

“ Lord, God, protect the Czar ; pow'rful and mighty,  
May he in glory, in glory, reign, reign.  
He is our guiding star. Great in peace and war.  
Our faith's true protector. Long live the Czar ! ”

## SERVIA

RISE, O SERVIAN!S!

“ Rise, O Servians, swift arise,  
Lift your banners to the skies,  
For your country needs her children,  
Fight to make her free.  
Rise, O rise, and crush our enemy,  
Rise and fight for liberty.  
Free the Sav and Duna flow,  
Let us, too, unfetter'd go,  
O'er the wild Moravian Mountains.  
Swift shall flow sweet freedom's fountains,  
Down shall sink the foe.  
Rise, O rise, and crush our enemy,  
Rise and fight for liberty.”

The part which little Belgium has played in the present war lends special interest to its national hymn or hymns. They breathe the very spirit of that brave nation, and the courage of a people as undaunted today as it was in the days when Caesar pronounced the Belgians the bravest of all whom he met.

Belgium may be said to have a triple national hymn, under the same title, the “ Brabançonne,” or “ pertaining to Brabant,” the three hymns seeming to have grown out of various national epochs. Extracts from the three will give an idea of their prevailing sentiment. The original “ Brabançonne,” celebrating the freedom of Belgium from the Dutch yoke, was written by the poet Jeuneval, who fell in the war of independence, and

the music by Van Campenhout, in 1830. The opening of the war is thus celebrated:

“Who'd have believed such self-willed daring  
That his base ends he might attain,  
Avid for blood, a prince unsparing,  
Bullets on us should rain!

“Let it end; Belgians, be freemen,  
From Nassau brook no more indignity;  
Since grape has torn down the Orange flying  
Upon the tree of Liberty.

“Since grape has torn down the Orange flying  
Upon the tree of Liberty,  
Upon the tree of Liberty,  
Upon the tree of Liberty.”

The second “Brabançonne” was written in 1848, after freedom was secured. Its second verse might have been written in 1914 instead of 1848:

“Beloved Belgium, the Fatherland that bore us,  
Unto thee heart and hand now we give;  
And we swear by the Heaven that arches o'er us,  
We would die, that thou, our land, should live.  
Thou shalt live, thou shalt live in glory,  
Through thy children's unconquered unity;  
And waiting ages tell thy story,  
For King, for Law, for Liberty!  
And waiting ages tell thy story,  
For King, for Law, for Liberty!  
For King, for Law, for Liberty!  
For King, for Law, for Liberty!”

The third of the series, and the present national hymn, was written by Louis Hymans in 1852. The two opening verses of the original are as follows:

“ Flamands, Wallons, race de braves,  
Serrons les rangs, marchons, unis!  
Ne crions plus: ‘ Mort aux Bataves!’  
Les peuples libres sont amis.  
Le canon, bronze tutélaire  
Peut reposer à l’ombre du succès;  
Nous avons fondé par la guerre,  
Nous conservons par le progrès.

“ Chantons, enfants, l’honneur antique,  
La fierté qui sauva nos droits,  
L’amour qui garde à la Belgique  
Le plus légitime des rois,  
Le dernier courroux populaire  
C’est apaisé devant l’hymne de paix!  
Nous avons fondé, etc.”

The national anthem, however, is not always the one to the strains of which armies march to battle. National anthems are too stiff and stately and too difficult of execution. To rouse enthusiasm the rhythm must be a marching one, the music lively, and the notation easy to catch as well as to sing. In the present war, for instance, instead of “ God Save the King,” the favorite song of the British troopers is, “ It’s a long Way to Tipperary.” In this connection, it is interesting to note that it is claimed that the British battle song was written in this country three years ago by one Harry Williams, as a vaudeville skit, which, if true,

would offset our "star-spangled" melody, written nearly two hundred years ago for English tavern orgies. The real composer, however, is undoubtedly one Jack Judge, an English music hall performer. It runs as follows:

"Up to mighty London came an Irishman one day,  
As the streets were paved with gold, sure ev'ryone was gay;  
Singing songs of Picadilly, Strand and Leicester Square,  
Till Paddy got excited, then he shouted to them there:

*Chorus:*

"It's a long way to Tipperary,  
It's a long way to go;  
It's a long way to Tipperary,  
To the sweetest girl I know.  
Good-bye, Picadilly; farewell, Leicester Square;  
It's a long, long way to Tipperary,  
But my heart's right there.

"Paddy wrote a letter to his Irish Molly O'  
Saying, 'Should you not receive it, write and let me know;  
If I make mistakes in spelling, Molly dear,' says he,  
'Remember, it's the pen that's bad; don't lay the blame on me.'

"Molly wrote a neat reply to Irish Paddy O'  
Saying, 'Mike Maloney wants to marry me, and so  
Leave the Strand and Picadilly, or you'll be to blame,  
For love has fairly drove me silly, hoping you're the same.'"

It would be almost ludicrous to think of Tommy Atkins singing "God Save the King" or "Rule

Britannia," but it is the most natural thing in the world to fancy his singing the Tipperary lilt. There is no humor, no enthusiasm, no dash and no march rhythm in "God Save the King," and, besides this, the King does not need saving. It is the gallant fellows on the field and in the trenches who are in danger.

It is said the French soldiers also have become very fond of "Tipperary" and sing its chorus in their own language as follows:

"C'est très loin jusqu'a Tipperary  
Tres loin jusque la;  
C'est très loin jusqu'a Tipperary  
Loin de mon amour lâ-bas!  
Au revoir, Piccadilly,  
Adieu, Leicester Square,  
C'est bien loin, très loin vers Tipperary,  
A mon coeur si Cher."

Another English marching song is "D'ye ken John French":

"D'ye ken John French, with his khaki suit,  
His belt and gaiters and his stout brown boot,  
Along with his guns, and his horse, and his foot,  
On th' road t' Berlin in th' morning?

*Chorus:*

"Yes, we ken John French, and old Joffre too,  
And all his men o' th' tricolor true  
And Belgians and Russians, a jolly good few,  
On th' road t' Berlin in th' morning.

"Th' Prussian Kaiser must be made to kneel,  
Th' Prussian Eagle must be made to feel  
Th' force of th' bullet and th' good cold steel,  
On th' road t' Berlin in th' morning.

"For th' mothers they slew, an' th' kids as well,  
An' for sundry things it's not fit to tell  
We've got to catch 'em and give 'em hell,  
On th' road to Berlin in the morning."

Still another patriotic English marching song is  
"Shoulder to Shoulder, Our Foes we'll Defy." The  
words are by Sir Joseph Lyons and the music by Arthur  
Wood. It opens thus:

"Many battles have been fought  
And the world we've always taught  
There is freedom 'neath Great Britain's glorious flag.  
We're not given much to boast,  
'To the day' we never toast,  
And we don't give way to bluster and to brag.  
Our treaties we don't break,  
Our friends we don't forsake,  
Even tho' the cost to us be very dear.  
And ev'ry mother's son  
Will shoulder quick his gun  
And fight for King and Country, never fear!

*Refrain:*

"Then shoulder to shoulder we'll shoulder the gun.  
Shoulder to shoulder our battles have been won!  
Shoulder to shoulder our foes we'll defy,  
For shoulder to shoulder we'll do or we'll die!"

Another song, written by Harold Begbie, the music by Sir Frederick Cowen, is a call for volunteers and is entitled "Fall In." The following verse is a sample of its general sentiment:

"How will you fare, sonny, how will you fare,  
In the far-off winter night,  
When you sit by the fire in an old man's chair,  
And your neighbors talk of the fight?  
Will you slink away, as it were from a blow,  
Your old head shamed and bent?  
Or say, 'I was not with the first to go,  
But I went, thank God, I went'?"

The brokers' battalion of the Glasgow Stock Exchange sings:

"Why did we join the Cameron men?  
Why did we join the army?  
Why did we come to Aldershot?  
Because we're bally well barmy.  
Skilly and duff, skilly and duff,  
Because we're bally well barmy."

The Liverpool regiment has a song in the Lancashire dialect:

"We all coom fra' Lancashire,  
We all coom fra' Lancashire,  
Gradely fowk from a gradely place,  
By gum, we mean to show the pace.  
We all coom fra' Lancashire,  
We're all bairns of a feyther,  
If tha'll ha' one wi' me,  
Then I'll ha' one wi' thee,  
For we're all good pals together."

The British sailors, in the place of "Rule Britannia," which, like "God Save the King," is destitute of dash and the martial rhythm necessary to arouse enthusiasm, have adopted a song with the following chorus which, however, has little connection with sea fighting:

"All the nice girls love a sailor,  
All the nice girls love a tar,  
For there's something about a sailor —  
Well, you know what sailors are."

The song of the Zeppelin is a favorite one among the Germans. It runs thus:

"England has a little war  
Aber fern von der Gefahr,  
Sitzen Tom und Fred und Bess  
Jolly snug and pitiless  
Essen toast und trinken tea.  
Oh! the little war on sea.

"Mutton chop and steak and peas,  
Strawberry jam and Stilton cheese,  
Schmecken Tom und Bess und Fred,  
How many Germans are there dead?  
Deutschland geht zugrunde? Wie?  
Oh! the little war on sea.

"Tom says it is costing money.  
Aber dann — oh, give me honey;  
Where there's no more in der welt.  
Nichts, was uns die stange halt,  
Nichts mehr made in Germany,  
Oh! the little war on sea.

“Pitsch und Patsch und Plomperomplon!  
Wo sind Bess und Fred und Tom?  
Busted Kurt und busted Klein  
(Bomb bust from the Zepperlein)  
Here a head and there a knee,  
Auttsch! the little war on sea.”

The popular national song in Vienna is not the stately chorals of Father Haydn, “God Save the Emperor,” but “Prinz Eugen, der edle Ritter,” which tells how Prince Eugene, “the noble knight,” captured Belgrade from the Turks in 1717. No music has a more powerful effect upon the Hungarians than the stirring “Rakoczy,” so well known in our concert rooms in its original march form.

The Russians have one of the most majestic of national hymns, “God, Protect the Czar,” the words written by the poet Jonkowsky and the music by Colonel Alexis Lvov, an army officer, in 1832. It is rarely heard in the army, which has a wealth of marching songs at its disposal. The following old Cossack song which has the genuine ring and dash of the cavalry service is a great favorite:

“Up, Cossacks, and ride away!  
The Czar is calling his men today.  
Ho! now for a ride on the borderside,  
And gallop away on war’s wild tide.  
Ho! now for the dash, and ho! for the clash.  
And ho! for the joy of battle’s crash.  
Up, Cossacks, and ride away!  
To war, and fight, and bold man’s play.”

“Up, Cossacks, and ride away!  
With shout, and yell, and lust to slay.  
Out with your saber, and call to your neighbor,  
And ride away to war's sweet labor,  
There are cities to loot and pillage to boot;  
So rifle and saber, slash and shoot.  
Up, Cossacks, and ride away!  
To war, and fight, and bold man's play.  
Up, Cossacks, and ride away!  
The Czar is calling his men today.”

Almost every Russian province has its marching song, the most of them simple ballads, some of which have no more reference to war than “The Long Way to Tipperary,” as, for instance, a marching song of the infantry which begins:

“Under the apple tree, a pretty one, an only one  
Sat there, a merry lad, unmarried, and a single one.”

The French soldiers sing their national “Marseillaise,” but they have also some popular songs, among them the following, entitled the “Carillon of Victory”:

“Drink to the health of France, mes Amis!  
And Bordeaux and Bourgoyne and Champagne and Clery!  
Friends of l'Angleterre, amis de la Russie,  
Amis de Cracovie, amis de Vagovie,  
That every spot of land won back from the enemy  
Washed by our blood, become the mere cheré!  
Montmirail! Lucancy! Meaux! Nanteuil!  
Thierry! Prologue!

"As we, glass against glass, heart against heart  
Ring, bells, cannons thunder in the air,  
Without reproach and without fear,  
Ring for our parents, ring for nos amis,  
Ring for the new born, and ring for those who marry,  
Ring second and quatre, Fierce of Picaid!  
Ring for those who die at the front of the Patrie!  
For Liege, and for Louvain, and for Brussels allied!  
For Compiègne, and Maubege, for Rheims and for Nancy!  
Saint Quentin, Saint Denis, Senlis, Soissons and Corbie.

"France is in danger!  
And if bronze should lack her,  
Bells and carillons,  
Quit your church towers,  
Become cannons."

The French also have a little Breton song:

"Ma tunique a un bouton,  
Un bouton, un bouton.  
Ma tunique a un bouton,  
Marchons! Marchons!

"Ma tunique a deux boutons,  
Deux boutons, deux boutons.  
Ma tunique a deux boutons,  
Marchons! Marchons!"

There is little of the war spirit in the announcement that a coat has one or two buttons, but the very spirit of the "Marseillaise" is in the refrain "Marchons."

Another favorite song is "La Regiment de Sambre

et Meuse," words by Paul Cozanne and music by Robert Planquette, which opens thus:

"All the proud children of Gaul  
Went without truce and without repose,  
With their guns on their shoulders,  
Courage in the heart and knapsack on back.  
By glory they were kept,  
Without bread, without shoes,  
At night they slept  
With their knapsacks for their pillows.

*Chorus:*

"The regiment of Sambre and Meuse," etc.

Bohemia has two national songs, "The War Song of the Hussites" and "My Fatherland." Finland's song is "Vårt Land" ("Our Land"). "Poland's Not Yet Dead in Slavery" is the title of the Polish hymn. Norway's hymn, "Yes, We Love with Fond Devotion," was written by Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson in 1859. The Swedish hymn is "Fosterjorden" ("Land of my Birth"). The Danish hymn is well known by Longfellow's version, "King Christian Stood by the lofty Mast." The Grecian national hymn dates back to the war of independence and was translated by Byron, beginning "Sons of the Greek, Arise." Holland has two songs, "William of Nassau" and "Let Him in Whom Old Dutch Blood flows." Italy also has two songs, "The Royal Italian March" and "Garibaldi's Hymn." The Spanish national air is the "Hymn de Riejo," composed by Huerta, and the

Portuguese, is "Hymnino Constitutional," written by Dom Pedro II of Brazil. The Servian hymn is "Arise Ye Servians"; the Montenegrin, "Onward, Onward"; the Roumanian, "Long Live the King." The Japanese have two songs. One is the national hymn, "Rimi Ge Yo" ("Long Live the Emperor"), the melody written by Hajashi Himomori. The text in English is as follows:

"May our Lord long reign  
While the sun for a thousand years shall shine!  
Hail our Lord! May his glory never wane!  
Firm as a rock our faith be thine."

The second is known as the "Shotai," or "Drill Song" and is the favorite marching song of the Japanese. It is also played at all the national festivities. Its adaptation to the drill is shown by the text which also illustrates the wonderful efficiency and attention to detail which Japanese soldiers display:

"Soldiers! attention! right turn, one, two, three.  
Soldiers! attention! forward, one, two, three.  
Halt, comrades; all stand easy! one, two, three.  
Order obey if you a soldier brave would be."

"Soldiers! keep step in marching, one, two, three.  
Turn to the left! attention! one, two, three.  
Soldiers! be ready, steadfast, one, two three.  
Duty obey if you an officer would be."

The Emperor and Empress of Japan are also re-

ported to have written the two following songs for use in the present war:

BY THE EMPEROR

"If life for country's sake men give,  
How shall dependent loved ones live?

The fortress hard to take?  
Alas, the children, wives,  
Set mourning for the sake  
Of those who give their lives."

"As monuments sublime war trophies stand,  
Their cost? The lives of men throughout the land."

BY THE EMPRESS

"See, skilled of hand and brave of heart,  
Kind women into service press,  
From home and little ones apart,  
The soldier's ills to heal and bless."

"The widowed ones, how shall they spend their years?  
Their keepsakes, soldiers' letters stained with tears."

China has recently adopted a national anthem, composed by Chang Chien, Minister of Agriculture, which sets forth the blessings of republicanism as follows:

"Her majestic mountains and superb landscapes  
Witness the greatness of China,  
Chosen home of the oldest civilization,  
The emperors have effaced themselves and restored the throne  
to the people.

“To the people belongs the supreme power.  
Long have Confucius and Mencius taught this;  
In the time of Yao and of Shun was it proclaimed.  
The people comprise the five races, and the five races are  
indissoluble.  
Thus united, China is invincible.  
We must develop the wealth of the land, foster agriculture  
and industry,  
Redress wrongs and make our people happy.  
Education and civilization are the great works of the day.  
We must all be equal in fact as well as in name. For did not  
Confucius and Mencius teach absolute social equality?”

Turkey has no official national hymn, but is not destitute of war songs, among them one, “L’Hamidie,” dedicated to the deposed Sultan Hamid, a war march composed by Nedjid Pasha, and the Syrian song “Mighty Allah, save Our Sultan.”

In this connection it is pertinent, as well as interesting, to speculate upon the probable effect of the European war upon the art of song and music in general. Just now, all the daughters of music are laid low in the vast war zone. The arts never flourish in times of war, but “art is long” though men are murderous and time is fleeting. It is inevitable, considering the waste of life and property and the natural necessity for time to recover from national exhaustion, that a long period of peace will follow this stormy period. In the coming years of peace, may we not look for a new birth of song and a widespread renaissance of music of every kind? So far as the performance of music is concerned, it may take some time to catch up the

broken links. Enforced individual and national economies may affect music as a business, but is it unreasonable to conjecture that the creative art of music may experience new impulses and under the influence of new ideas, growing out of changed conditions, result in a new era of productive success, equalling, if not exceeding, the last great era of Bach, Beethoven, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Schubert, Schumann, Wagner, and the other great German masters? Ernest Newman, the distinguished English critic and connoisseur, recently wrote in the *London Musical Times* his views on this subject, from which I quote this pertinent paragraph:

“We may depend upon it that this war will have its profound effects on the finer musical minds of the continent. There will be new horizons to envisage, new hopes and fears and joys and despairs to be sung. There is no doubt that of late music has lacked truly commanding personalities and really vitalizing forces. Now that Strauss has failed us there is no one of whom we can think as having the seeds of the future in him. German music as a whole has settled into a complacent tilling of an almost exhausted field: a few discontented spirits like Schönberg have aspirations toward something new and more personal, but without the capacity to realize them. The French are all small people — very interesting, but indubitably small. Italian music is strangling in the grip of a commercial octopus. Russia is divided between men who see the wisdom of building upon the classical tradition but are not quite big enough to give the tradition an unmistakably new life, and men who reject the past before they are sure of the future, or even of the present. In England Elgar is still the one figure of impressive stature; the men who are almost contemporary with

him are not fulfilling their early promise, while in the crowd of younger men it is impossible to distinguish one who has the least chance of making history."

In the world's peace which will follow this world's war there must inevitably come a new sense of freedom, new ideas, new emotions, new aspirations, and a renaissance of the arts in which song may take still higher flights, and the present groping about in vague impressions and discordant expressions give place to more perfect melody and nobler harmony in the future. And what of the past? Not all the armies of the world combined can destroy the masses of Bach, the oratorios of Handel and Haydn, the symphonies of Beethoven, the operas of Mozart, the music-dramas of Wagner, the songs of Schumann and Schubert. The products of the brush and the chisel can be destroyed, but music is safe from the fury of Kaiser, Czar, or King. Of all the arts music is the only Immortal.

## CHAPTER VII

### NEGRO MINSTRELSY

“ De ladies in de parlor,  
Hey, come a-rollin down!  
A-drinking tea and coffee,  
Good-morning, ladies all.

“ De gemmen in de kitchen,  
Hey, come a-rolling down!  
A-drinking brandy toddy,  
Good-morning, ladies all.” \*

THE negro melodies, before the period of the Civil War, were the genuine American folk songs. These melodies were either original or based upon African tradition. They were the productions of a race to whom, under the edicts of slavery, education was forbidden; hence they were racial and savored of the soil. They pictured the emotions, the longings, the sadness, as well as the joy of the slave. It was in the singing of them that he found his greatest relief. They were part of his toil, his religion, his scant recreation, and his cabin life. They were simple and so rhythmical that they needed little more accompaniment than the

\* *Original drinking song, sung by southern slaves early in the last century.*

clapping of the hands or those sinuous gestures characteristic of the cake walk. The great majority of the songs were cheerful, sometimes quaintly humorous, and monotonous by much repetition, but rarely sad. There was little hope of relief from their condition in those days, hence the religious songs are nearly always expressions of hope for the better land. A few examples of the old religious slave songs will illustrate this point:

“Jordan’s bank is a good ol’ bank,  
And I hain’t but one more river to cross.”

“In de mornin’ when I rise,  
Tell my Jesus, huddy, oh!  
I wash my hands in the mornin’ glory,  
Tell my Jesus, huddy, oh!”

“Nobody knows the trubble I’ve had,  
Nobody knows but Jesus.  
Nobody knows the trubble I’ve had,  
Glory, hallelu.”

“Old Satan told me to my face,  
Oh! yes, Lord,  
The God I seek I never find,  
Oh! yes, Lord.  
True believer, I know when I gwine home,  
I been afraid to die.”

“I am a trubble in de mind,  
I am a trubble in de mind,  
I ask my Lord what I shall do,  
I am a trubble in de mind.  
What you doubt for?  
I am a trubble in de mind.”

“ Little David, play on your harp, hallelu, hallelu,  
Little David, play on your harp, hallelu.  
D for little David, and G for Goliath,  
D for little David, who slew Goliath,  
Little David, play on your harp, hallelu.”

Occasionally there is an outcry of sadness, as in the song —

“ O, grave yard, O, grave yard,  
Walking troo de grave yard,  
Lay dis body down,”

but more often the exultant spirit is shown, as in the melody of “ Swing low, sweet Chariot, waiting for to carry me Home ” (one of the themes which Dvorák introduces so effectively in the “ New World Symphony ” which he wrote as a tribute to this country).

“ Swing low, sweet chariot,  
Coming for to carry me home.  
*(Repeat.)*

“ I looked over Jordan and what did I see,  
Coming for to carry me home?  
A band of angels coming after me,  
Coming for to carry me home.

“ If you get there before I do,  
Coming for to carry me home,  
Tell all my friends I’m coming, too,  
Coming for to carry me home.

"The brightest day that ever I saw,  
Coming for to carry me home,  
When Jesus washed my sins away,  
Coming for to carry me home.

"I'm sometimes up and sometimes down,  
Coming for to carry me home,  
But still my soul feel heavenly bound,  
Coming to carry me home."

*(Repeat, "Swing low, sweet chariot.")*

The slave songs were of various kinds. Some of them, like "General Jackson," were patriotic in character:

"General Jackson, mighty man,  
Whaw, my kingdom, fire away.  
He fight on sea, he fight on land,  
Whaw, my kingdom, fire away."

An example of the drinking song heads this chapter. The following illustrates the comic song:

"Cowboy on middle o' island,  
Ho! meleety, ho!  
Cowboy on middle o' island,  
Ho! meleety, ho!  
Missis eat de green persimmon,  
Ho! meleety, ho!  
Mouf all draw'd up in a pucker,  
Ho! meleety, ho!  
Stayed so till she went to supper,  
Ho! meleety, ho!"

Another humorous song relates the experience of unfortunate Uncle Gabriel, who was chief of the insurgents, "way down in Southampton," and had "hard times in old Virginny." The song closes:

"They took him down to the gallows,  
Oh! Oh!  
They drove him down with four gray horses,  
Oh! Oh!  
Brice's Ben, he drove the wagon,  
Oh! boys, I am most done.  
Hard times in ole Virginny.  
And then they hung him and they swung him,  
Oh! Oh!  
And they swung him and they hung him,  
Oh! Oh!  
And that was the last of the darky general,  
Oh! boys, I am just done,  
Hard times in ole Virginny."

A unique song of an old mammy runs:

"O, de mugwump roosts in de hollow log  
And de snagwap sits in de tree;  
And when I hear dat migfunk sing  
My heart is sad in me."

An amusing instance of the negro improvisation is the following:

"Ole Maus William he gone to legislator,  
Oh, Chocologa, oh, Chocolog!  
Young Maus John he done come home from college,  
Oh, Chocologa, oh, Chocologa, Chocolog!"

The repetition of the refrain, "Chocologa," seems monotonous and meaningless, but is it any more so than the "down, derry, downs," "hey, holly lollys," "tow, row, rows," or the "hey non ne no ni nos," of the early days of English song?

In 1834 Dan Rice, of clownish fame, introduced in a New York theater the grotesque song and dance, "Jim Crow," the refrain of which runs —

"Wheel about and turn about and jump just so;  
Every time you wheel about, you jump, Jim Crow."

The song made an immense popular success and Rice took it to London, where it was no less successful. It was the beginning of modern negro minstrelsy and was speedily followed by "Coal Black Rose," "Such a-gittin' upstairs," "Dandy Jim from North Carolina," "Jim along Josy," and others. In 1841 "Old Dan Tucker" appeared and overshadowed every other minstrel song of the time in popularity. There are several amusing versions of the song, but the following is the most authentic:

"Ole Dan Tucker clomb a tree,  
His Lord and Marster for to see,  
De limb hit broke and Dan got a fall —  
Nuver got see his Lord at all!

"Git out o' the way, Ole Dan Tucker!  
Git out o' the way, Ole Dan Tucker!  
Git out o' the way, Ole Dan Tucker!  
You're too late to git your supper.

" Miss Tucker she went out one day  
To ride with Dad in a one horse sleigh,  
De sleigh was broke, and de horse was blind —  
Miss Tucker she got left behind.  
Git out o' the way, etc.

" As I come down de new cut road  
I spied de peckerwood and de toad,  
And every time de toad would jump  
De peckerwood hopped upon de stump.  
Git out o' the way, etc.

" And next upon de gravel road  
I met Br'er Tarypin and Br'er Toad,  
And every time Br'er Toad would sing  
Br'er Tarypin cut de pigeon wing.  
Git out o' the way, etc.

" Ole Dan and me we did fall out,  
And what d'ye reckon it was about?  
He trod on my corn and I kicked him on the shins;  
That's jest the way this row begins.  
Git out o' the way, etc.

" If Ole Dan he had corn to buy  
He'd mo'ne and wipe his weepin' eye;  
But when ole Dan had corn to sell,  
He was as sassy as all hell.  
Git out o' the way, etc."

There have been almost as many versions of " Old Dan Tucker " as of " Yankee Doodle." It enjoyed popularity for many years, though it is now utterly forgotten. Nearly every minstrel troupe which sang it, displayed Daniel Tucker in new situations of a ludicrous nature.

Some of these versions begin as follows:

"I come to town de odder night,  
I hear de noise, den see de fight;  
De watchman dey was runnin' roun',  
Crying "Old Dan Tucker's come to town.  
    Git out de way (repeat),  
    Git out de way, Ole Dan Tucker,  
    You is too late to come to supper.

"Ole Dan Tucker clum a tree,  
He clum so high he couldn't see,  
A lizard caught him by the snout  
An' he hollered for a niggah to pull him out,  
    Git out the way, Ole Dan Tucker, etc.

"Ole Dan Tucker he got drunk,  
He fell in the fire, and burned to a chunk;  
The red hot coal got in his shoe,  
And, whew-wee! how the ashes flew!"

In 1846 a new composer of so-called negro melodies appeared — Stephen Collins Foster, before that time unknown, who achieved a success with his song, "O, Susanna," which secured for him a national fame. Song after song came from his pen, a hundred and seventy-five in all, the most popular of which were "Old Uncle Ned," "The Louisiana Belle," "My Old Kentucky Home" (one of Nilsson's and Patti's favorite encore songs), "Old Dog Tray," "Massa's in the cold, cold Ground," "Old Black Joe," "Old Folks at Home," and "Oh, Boys, carry me 'long." His songs are simple in melody, his words, which he

always wrote himself, expressive, and his style clearly his own, and therefore distinctive. They can not be called negro melodies, however. They are rather pleasing ballads, setting forth negro peculiarities. They were sung for years by minstrel troupes all over this country and Europe, and thousands of copies were sold. Foster gathered some melodies at camp meetings, but most of them are his own. Nothing like them had appeared before and nothing like them has appeared since. In this respect his career was unique. The old-fashioned negro minstrelsy of the Bryant and Christy style has disappeared, and with it the Foster songs, with the exception of one or two which are occasionally heard.

No one has paid a finer tribute to this pleasant old art than Thackeray, in his lecture "Charity and Humor":

"I heard a humorous balladist not long since — a minstrel with wool on his head and an ultra-Ethiopian complexion, who performed a negro ballad that, I confess, moistened these spectacles in the most unexpected manner. They have gazed at dozens of tragedy queens, dying on the stage and expiring to appropriate blank verse, and I never wanted to wipe them. They have looked up, with deep respect, be it said, to many scores of clergymen in pulpits, and without being dimmed, and behold, a vagabond with a corked face and a banjo sings a little song and strikes a wild note which sets the whole heart thrilling with happy pity."

## CHAPTER VIII

### SEA SONGS, HUNTING SONGS, DRINKING SONGS

NANCY LEE

“Of all the wives as e’er you know,  
Yeo ho! lads ho! yeo ho! yeo ho!  
There’s none like Nancy Lee, I trow,  
Yeo ho! lads ho! yeo ho!

“See, there she stands and waves her hands upon the quay,  
An’ every day when I’m away, she’ll watch for me  
An’ whisper low, when tempests blow, for Jack at sea,  
Yeo ho! lads ho! yeo ho!

“The sailor’s wife the sailor’s star shall be,  
Yeo ho! we go across the sea,  
The sailor’s wife the sailor’s star shall be,  
The sailor’s wife his star shall be,  
The harbor’s past, the breezes blow,  
Yeo ho! lads ho! yeo ho!”

— *Frederick E. Weatherby.*

THE story of the sea song is, of necessity, a short one, for the genuine sea song has disappeared and such lyrics of this class as are now written are the work of landsmen who know but little of the sea and

still less of its traditions. The "Yo heave ho" of the sailor is no longer heard upon the wharves, and one listens in vain for the monotonous chanteys of the roustabouts along the river. The sea song disappeared with the sailing vessel, as was natural, for there is no romance in an ocean liner, which is nothing more nor less than a floating hotel, with all modern accommodations. There is no play for a sailor's imagination in a sailless hulk of steel. It was the "wet sheet and the flowing sea" that appealed to him. His bark was his bride and he always spoke affectionately of her. He could not feminize a machine.

The favorite of the old sailors was the chantey — a lyric long drawn out with a jargon or phrases — which meant much to them, however meaningless it seems to a landsman, because it made his toil easier. The chanteys, sometimes called "shanties," were the accompaniment of the sailor's work. There were three special classes of these. Where a few strong pulls upon a rope were needed, this was a favorite chantey:

"Haul the bowline, Kitty is my darling;  
Haul the bowline, the bowline haul."

Another favorite was:

"O do, my Johnny Baker  
Come rock and roll me over,"

with the chorus, "Do, my Johnny Baker, *do*."

Chanteys of the second class were used when the hauls were harder. A favorite was "Reuben Ranzo," a somewhat pathetic story:

"Oh, Reuben was no sailor,  
He shipped aboard a whaler,  
He could not do his duty,  
The captain was a bad man,  
He put him in the rigging,  
He gave him six and thirty."

*Chorus:*

"Oh, poor Reuben Ranzo,  
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo."

Ranzo also appears in these chanteys:

"I've just come down from the wild goose nation,  
To me way-hay-E-O-yah.  
I've left my wife on a big plantation,  
And sing hi-lo my Rand-so weigh."

"I'm bound away to leave you,  
But I never will deceive you;  
Ranzo, Ranzo, away, away.  
We're bound to Gib-er-al-tar,  
And our cargo's bricks and mortar;  
Ranzo, Ranzo, 'way."

Some of these chanteys contained startling statements, as for instance, in "John Francisco," which sets forth that Bonaparte went to "Rooshy," then to "Prooshy," then crossed the Rocky Mountains and

made a "mutch" at Waterloo. "Whiskey Johnny" was another favorite. Johnny and Mrs. Johnny both drink whiskey, Johnny "in a way that is a shame," Mrs. Johnny in her tea, and their girl Lize "puts it in her pies." The "Black Bull" was a favorite in the merchant service:

"Come along, you young fellows that follow the sea,  
With a yeo ho! and blow the man down,  
And pray pay attention and listen to me,  
Oh, give me some time to blow the man down."

"Old Stormy" was also a favorite in this class:

"Old Stormy was a good old man,  
Oh, good-bye, fare you well,  
Old Stormy was a good old man,  
Hurrah! my boys, we're homeward bound."

The chanter then indulges in some reflections. If he were Old Stormy's son he would buy a bark of a thousand tons and "fit her up with New England rum," and his "old shellbacks" should have some — in the days of the clipper ship New England rum was the favorite tippie, and down to a very recent date grog was as indispensable in the navy as salt junk or hard-tack — if he ever gets ashore, he will wed the girl he adores, and if they ever have a son, he will bring him up as a sailor lad.

In the third class the chanteys were used when a

continued force was applied instead of at intervals. The following was the favorite:

“ I’m bound away,  
This very day,  
O you Rio!  
I’m bound for the Rio Grande.

*Chorus:*  
“ O you Rio,  
And away you Rio.”

A chantey, which was a great favorite with ocean sailors many years ago, one verse of which appears in Robert Louis Stevenson’s “Treasure Island,” was known as “The Dead Man’s Chest,” taking its name from an island in the Caribbean Sea upon which a pirate’s vessel was wrecked, and which resembled in shape a seaman’s chest. The chantey is so long that I can only give the substance of it. It opens:

“ Fifteen men on the Dead Man’s Chest,  
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!  
Drink and the devil had done for the rest,  
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!  
The mate was fixed by the bo’sun’s pike  
And the bo’sun brained with a marlin spike,  
And the cookie’s throat was marked belike  
It had been clutched by fingers ten.  
And there they lay, all good dead men,  
Like break o’ day in a boozin’ ken —  
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!”

The skipper had been killed by the scullion and the scullion was "stabbed times four." The whole fifteen lay with their "lookouts clapped on Paradise, their souls gone just the contrawise." The cabin was filled with chests of Spanish gold, "a ton of plate" and "a riot of loot." There were also chartings where a woman had been.

"A flimsy shift on a bunker cot  
With a dirk slit sheer through the bosom spot  
And the lace stiff dry in a purplish rot —  
Or was she wench or shuddering maid,  
She dared the knife and she took the blade —  
Faith, there was stuff for a plucky jade!  
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!"

The lurid chantey concludes:

"Fifteen men on the Dead Man's Chest,  
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!  
Drink and the devil had done for the rest,  
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!  
We wrapped 'em all in a mainsail tight  
With twice ten turns of a hawser's bight,  
And we heaved 'em over and out of sight,  
With a yo-heave-ho and a fare-ye-well,  
And a sullen plunge in a sullen swell,  
Ten fathoms along on the road to hell —  
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!"

Among all chanteys written by a landsman, Kipling's "Last Chantey" is the best, though it is impossible to conceive of its ever being sung by sailors or of its

rhythm ever being applied to hauls of any kind. Three other excellent sea songs of his are "The Rhyme of the Three Sailors," "The Liner She's a Lady," and "The Anchor Song." The most practical and popular of all sea song writers, however, was Charles Dibdin.

Born in 1745 he died in 1814, having written over a thousand songs including those of the sea.

He sang of English sailors and their life aboard, graphically pictured their virtues as well as their follies, their revels with their messmates, and their shore flirtations with the Peggys and Pollys. His songs through the years have been the solace of sailors in long voyages, storms, and battles. Fine instances of his work are "The Jolly Young Waterman," "The Lass that Loves a Sailor," "Poor Tom," "Poor Jack," and "Tom Bowling." The hero of the latter song was his own brother, a captain in the East India service:

"Here a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowling,  
The darling of our crew.  
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,  
For Death has broached him to.  
His form was of the manliest beauty,  
His heart was kind and soft,  
Faithful below he did his duty,  
But now he's gone aloft."

There are few more effective or graphic songs of the sea than Dibdin's "The Lass that Loves a Sailor," with its charming and musical refrain, "The wind

that blows, the ship that goes and the lass that loves a sailor," in this song.

"The moon on the ocean was dimmed by a ripple,  
Affording a checquered light,  
The gay, jolly tars passed the word for a tippie,  
And the toast, for 'twas Saturday night,  
Some sweetheart or wife, he loved as his life,  
Each drank and wished he could hail her;  
But the standing toast that pleased the most,  
Was the wind that blows, the ship that goes,  
And the lass that loves a sailor."

Half a century ago there were many naval songs, but these too have disappeared. There was something romantic about a frigate in full sail. It is not possible to get poetical or musical over a steel fighting machine, doing its destructive work miles away. The battles of the *Enterprize* and *Boxer*, the *Wasp* and the *Frolic*, the *United States* and *Macedonia*, the *Constellation* and *L'Insurgent*, the *Hornet* and the *Peacock*, the siege of Tripoli, Perry's Victory, Paul Jones' Victory, and the famous battle of the *Constitution* and *Guerriere* were celebrated in song. The last named was the greatest favorite. Its opening verse illustrates the intensely and exultantly patriotic spirit of the song:

"It ofttime has been told  
That the British seamen bold  
Could flog the tars of France, so handy O,  
But they never found their match  
Till the Yankees did them catch,  
Oh! the Yankee boys for fighting are the dandy O."

The song then goes on to describe the battle and names the two leaders, the "boastful Dacres" of the *Guerriere*, and the "quiet Hull" of the *Constitution*. The mainmast of the *Guerriere* goes by the board at the first broadside of the *Constitution*, which forced Dacres to confess, "I didn't think these Yankees were so handy O." The second shot "told so well that the fore and mizzen fell," which doused the royal ensign "so handy O." Dacres acknowledges, "By George, we're done," and fires a gun to leeward. The crew of the *Constitution* strike up "Yankee Doodle." Dacres comes aboard to give up his sword but Hull invites him to keep it and entertains his captive with a glass of brandy. The words are set to an old melody, "The Landlord of France." There were three other songs which were great favorites at that period, "Captain Kidd," "The Mermaid," and "The Bay of Biscay." "Captain Kidd" is a jingly, catchy song of twenty-five verses. In these verses he tells how "wickedly I did when I sailed"; how he cursed his father and buried his Bible in the sand, murdered William Moore and his gunner, killed the crews of three ships from France and three from Spain and captured ninety bars of gold. At last fourteen ships overtook him and captured him. He then relates how he was taken to Newgate and must go to Execution Dock. The last verse is his solemn warning:

"Take warning now by me, for I must die, I must die.  
Take warning now by me, and shun bad company,  
Lest you come to hell with me, for I must die."

History, however, has cleared up the Captain's reputation, and it now turns out that he was not a pirate at all, but was at sea in quest of pirates, and was unjustly accused of murdering one of his crew, and condemned to death after an unfair trial in London. But all the same, Captain Kidd will always remain in the popular mind a pirate who did most wickedly, just as Floyd Ireson is still held guilty in Marblehead of unsailorly conduct and needless cruelty though history long ago absolved him. "The Mermaid" was another great favorite, with its refrain —

"Oh! the stormy winds how they blow, blow, blow!  
And the roaring sea does roar,  
While we poor seamen are laying up aloft,  
And the landlubbers lying down below."

First, upspeaks the jolly Captain who affirms that he has a wife in Salem town, who will be a widow this night; then the greasy cook, who cares more for his greasy kettles than he does for the roaring sea; the little cabin boy, "a dirty little brat," whose friends in Boston didn't care a penny for him. Then —

"Three times around went our gallant, gallant ship,  
And three times around went she;  
And the third time that our gallant ship went round,  
She sank to the bottom of the sea."

"The Bay of Biscay" was written by Davy in the

eighteenth century. It vividly describes a storm at sea and at last, when all hope seems gone,

“ Her yielding timbers sever,  
Her pitchy seams are rent,  
When heaven, all bounteous ever,  
Its boundless mercy sent.  
A sail in sight appears,  
We hail her with three cheers,  
Now we sail with the gale,  
From the Bay of Biscay, O.”

One sailor's song, each stanza closing with the refrain —

“ There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,  
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack,”

has always been popular. Its sequel, “ Davy Jones' Locker,” is probably known to few. It relates the fate of “ poor Jack.” One day at the masthead he espied seven sails. The deck was cleared for action and a furious battle ensued. At last, finding that surrender was inevitable, Jack thus addressed his shipmates:

“ ‘ What's life, d'ye see, when our liberty's gone,  
Much nobler it were for to die,  
So now for old Davy ' — then plunged in the main.  
E'en the Cherub above heaved a sigh.”

The more familiar of the shore sea songs, in addition to those already mentioned, are “ The Sea,” by

Barry Cornwall; "The White Squall," by Captain Johns, music by George A. Barker; "The Minute Gun at Sea," by R. S. Sharpe; "A Life on the Ocean Wave," by Epes Sargent; "A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea," by Allen Cunningham; "What are the Wild Waves Saying?" by J. E. Carpenter; "Wapping Old Stairs," by John Percy; "Jamie's on the Stormy Sea," by Bernard Covert; "Three Fishers" and "The Sands o' Dee," by Charles Kingsley; "The Pilot," by Thomas H. Bayley; "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," by Emma Willard; "Ye Mariners of England," by Thomas Campbell; "Larboard Watch, Ahoy," by Henry Russell; and "The Midshipmite," by Stephen Adams. The day of the sea song, however, is nearly over. The inventions in naval mechanism and new methods in navigation are fatal to the poetry which we associate with the white wings of the seas.

"Hunting is the labor of the savages of North America, but the amusement of the gentlemen of England," says Samuel Johnson — an amusement because there are no wild beasts in England to hunt, only innocent animals unable to protect themselves, hence affording amusement to English gentlemen because their sport does not expose them to personal danger. The hunting song also is peculiarly English and is specially truculent when a gentle deer is to be the victim. One of the oldest songs is "The King and the Miller of Mansfield." It sets forth that King Henry II goes hunting, and after slaughtering several deer during the day for his royal pleasure, loses his way as night comes

on. At last he meets a miller and inquires his way to Nottingham:

“ ‘ Sir,’ quoth the miller, ‘ I meane not to jest,  
Yet I thinke, what I thinke, sooth for a song.  
You doe not lightlye ride out of your way.’ ”

The King asks the miller what he thinks of him that he should pass judgment so brief, to which the miller replies: “ I guess thee to be but some gentleman thiefe,” and warns him —

“ ‘ Stand thee backe in the darke, light not adowne,  
Lest that I presently crack thy knave’s crowne.’ ”

What the knave butcher replied is not stated.

There were two famous hunting songs in the period of Henry VIII. One reads:

“ Blow thy horne, hunter,  
Come blow thy horne on hye,  
In yon woods there lyeth a doe,  
In faith she woll not die.  
Come blow thy horne, hunter,  
Come blow thy horne, joly hunter.”

The other, “ The Hunt is Up,” was written by one William Gray, and was also used as a dance tune, a serenade, and a love song:

“ The hunt is up, the hunt is up,  
And it is well nigh day,  
And Harry, our King, is gone hunting,  
To bring his deer to bay.”

The most familiar of the old English hunting songs is "A Southerly Wind and a Cloudy Sky," which begins:

"A southerly wind and a cloudy sky  
Proclaim it a hunting morning,  
Before the sun rises, we nimbly fly,  
Dull sleep and a downy bed scorning.  
To horse, my boys, to horse away,  
The chase admits of no delay.  
On horseback we've got, together we'll trot,  
Leave off your chat, see the cover appear,  
The hound that strikes first, cheer him without fear,  
Drag on him! ah, wind him! my steady good hounds,  
Drag on him! ah, wind him! the cover resounds."

And so on through several verses, disclosing all the details of the pursuit, the ferocity of the hounds, the terror of the deer, and the cruel details of its slaughter. A similar song, "The Stag Chase," gives all the repellent details of the hunt in twenty-nine verses.

Drinking songs in English are abundant and without exception are set to lively music and are hilarious in character. They never "point a moral" or admonish the drinker, but, on the other hand, encourage him to enjoy the pleasures of the glass. Many of them are delicate and refined, some of them humorous, others sentimental, but none of them is sad. It is difficult to assign the date of the first drinking song in English, but as far back as the middle of the thirteenth century, Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln, wrote a poem in the Romance language, called "Manuel

Peche," which one Robert de Brunne translated into English in 1302, his version to be sung at jolly entertainments with the harp, as is thus quaintly set forth:

"For lewde [unlearned] men I undertoke  
In Englyshe tunge to make thys boke,  
For many ben of swyche manere  
That talys and rymys wyl blithly here  
The gamys and festys, and at the ale  
Love men to listene tratevale [trivialty],"

and from that far away day to this, men of "swyche manere" have not been lacking, and the drinking song has never been out of fashion. Even in one of the earliest Christmas carols (1460), there is a wassail song attached to the Noel:

"Bring us in no brown bread, for that is made of bran,  
Nor bring us no white bread, for therein is no jam,  
But bring us in good ale, and bring us in good ale,  
For our blessed Lady's sake, bring us in good ale."

Much adverse criticism of this Noel was made at the time, and has been since, because of the request for "good ale" "for our blessed Lady's sake," and the Puritans declared it was rank blasphemy. But it is to be considered that in the sixteenth century ale was an essential and every-day accompaniment of the feast, and it was not regarded by Christmas revellers as sacrilegious to use it for "our blessed Lady's sake."

In the comedy of "Gammer Gurton's Needle," presented in 1575, occurs what has been styled the first

drinking song of any merit in the language. It begins with the following lines:

“ I cannot eat but little meat,  
My stomach is not good;  
But sure I think that I can drink  
With him that wears a hood.  
Though I go bare, take ye no care  
For I am never cold;  
I stuff my skin so full within  
Of jolly good ale and old.  
Back and side go bare, go bare,  
Both foot and hand go cold,  
But belly, God send thee good ale enough,  
Whether it be new or old.”

The drinking songs of England are always rollicking and sometimes boastful. One of them, which combines praise of beer and patriotism, is a sample:

“ Let us sing our own Treasures, Old England's good cheer,  
The Profits and Pleasures of Stout British Beer;  
Your Wine-tipping, dram-sipping Fellows retreat,  
But your Beer-drinking Britons can never be beat.

“ The French with their Vineyards are meagre and pale;  
They drink of the Squeezings of half-ripened fruit;  
But we who have Hop-grounds to mellow our Ale  
Are rosy and plump, and have Freedom to boot.

“ Should the French dare invade us, thus armed with our Poles  
We'll bang their bare Ribs, make their Lanthorn jaws ring;  
For your Beef-eating, Beer-drinking Britons are Souls  
Who will Shed their last Drop for their Country and King.”

In the Cavalier period, "Old Simon the King" has a sly dig at the Puritans:

"If a Puritan skinker do cry,  
'Dear brother, it is a sin  
To drink, unless you be dry,'  
Then straight this tale I begin:  
A Puritan left his can  
And took him to his jug,  
And there he played the man  
As long as he could tug;  
And when that he was spied  
Did ever he swear or rail?  
No, truly, 'Dear brother,' he cried,  
'Indeed, all flesh is frail,'  
Says Old Simon the King."

"The Leather Bottel" was a famous drinking song in the days of Charles II:

"'Twas God above that made all things,  
The heav'ns, the earth, and all therein,  
The ships that on the sea do swim,  
To guard from foes that none come in.  
And let them all do what they can  
'Twas for one end — the use of man —  
So I wish in heaven his soul may dwell  
That first found out the leather bottel."

The period of Elizabeth, and that of the Cavaliers especially, reek with drinking songs. It would require a small volume for their enumeration, for, as the drinking song in Flotow's "Martha" avers, Britons are

justly proud of old porter, brown, and stout, "which guides John Bull where'er he goes."

Some of the more familiar modern drinking songs are Tom Moore's "Wreath the Bowl," "Fill the Bumper fair," "And doth not a Meeting like this," "Come, send round the Wine," "Friend of my Soul," and "Farewell, but whenever you welcome the Hour"; Kenyon's "Champagne Rose"; "How stands the Glass Around" (Anonymous); Parson's "Saint Peray"; Hoffman's "Sparkling and Bright"; Mes-singer's

"Give me the old,  
Old wine to drink,  
Ay, give the slippey juice  
That drippeth from the grape thrown loose  
Within the tun;  
Plucked from beneath the cliff  
Of sunny veiled Teneriffe,  
And ripened 'neath the blink  
Of India's sun.  
Peat whiskey hot,  
Tempered with well boiled water,  
That makes the long night shorter,  
Forgetting not  
Good stout old English porter."

The most celebrated of all drinking songs is "We Won't Go Home till Morning," or "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," the ancient tune of "Malbrouck," or "Marlbrough." The French version of "Malbrouck," which Marie Antoinette used as the Dauphin's cradle

song, and which has become a favorite nursery song in France to this day, was parodied by the English as follows:

“ Marlborough, prince of commanders,  
Has conquered the French in Flanders,  
His fame is like Alexander's,  
And he's the best of all.  
For he's a jolly good fellow,  
For he's a jolly good fellow,  
For he's a jolly good fellow,  
And so say all of us.”

Du Maurier, in his fascinating description of the concert at which Trilby made her Parisian debut, enthusiastically speaks of her singing of “ Malbrouck.” The reader may recall that she also sang on that occasion the “ Au clair de la lune,” Schumann's “ Nussbaum,” with its heavenly accompaniment, “ Ben Bolt,” Gounod's “ Chanson de Printemps,” and Chopin's “ Impromptu in A flat,” arranged for voice; but it was “ Malbrouck,” simplest of them all, that inspired her audience.

“ Malbrouck s'en va-t'en guerre,”

with its refrain,

“ Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine,”

was taken lightly and merrily.

“ Il reviendra-z-à Paques — ”

there were vague forebodings in the “*mironton*.”

“*Madame à sa tour monte,*”

and

“*Elle voit de loin son page —*”

the “*mironton*” breathes poignant anxiety.

“*Mon page — mon beau page!*  
*Quelle nouvelles apportez ?*”

anxiety changes to an agonized wail of suspense. The “*mironton*” becomes a funeral march with muted strings as the page announces the news he brings —

“*Vos beaux yeux vont pleurer —*

and at last the “*mironton*” is a dirge, the message of tragedy never to be forgotten,

“*Le Sieur Malbrouck est mort!*  
*Est mort — et enterré!*”

Perhaps the reader will also recall in Du Maurier's little picture accompanying the text the sorrow in the face of the page as he exclaims, “The news I bring will fill your beautiful eyes with tears,” and the sorrow in the attitude and face of the horse — for he too understood.

Du Maurier closes the scene with these words:

“And this heart-rending tragedy, this great historical epic in two dozen lines, at which some five or six thousand gay French people are sniffing and mopping their eyes like so many Niobes, is just a common old French comic song — a mere nursery ditty, like ‘Little Bo-peep’ — to the tune,

“ ‘We won’t go home till morning,  
Till daylight doth appear.’ ”

Who would not like to have been at that concert in the Cirque des Bashibazoucks with the Laird, Big Taffy, and Little Billee when *Il bel canto* came back to earth after a hundred years, incarnated in a nursery song!

The verse of “Malbrouck” may be forgotten, but “the jolly good fellow” has been sung by thousands, from that day to this, and it is no exaggeration to say that until the world goes dry, jolly good fellows will be found asserting in stentorian chorus,

“We won’t go home until morning,  
We won’t go home until morning,  
We won’t go home until morning,  
Till daylight doth appear!  
Till daylight doth appear,  
Till daylight doth appear,  
We won’t go home until morning,  
Till daylight doth appear.”

The reason why they declined to go home until morning is found in the second movement of the song:

“ For he’s a jolly good fellow,  
For he’s a jolly good fellow,  
For he’s a jolly good fellow,  
Which nobody can deny,  
Which nobody can deny,  
Which nobody can deny,  
For he’s a jolly good fellow,  
Which nobody can deny.”

The song concludes with the following enthusiastic and unanimous affirmation:

‘ So say we all of us,  
So say we all of us,  
So say we all of us,  
So say we all.”

It is probably the convivial song best known and most often sung all over the world, in this year of grace. But of all convivial sentiment none is more loving than that of “ Auld Lang Syne ”:

“ An’ surely ye’ll be your pint stoup,  
An’ surely I’ll be mine,  
An’ we’ll tak a cup o’ kindness yet  
For Auld Lang Syne.  
For Auld Lang Syne, my dear,  
We’ll tak a cup o’ kindness yet  
For Auld Lang Syne.”

## CHAPTER IX

### SACRED SONGS

“ Music religious heat inspires ;  
It wakes the soul and lifts it high,  
And wings it with sublime desires,  
And fits it to bespeak the Deity.  
The Almighty listens to a tuneful tongue,  
And seems well pleased and courted with a song.  
Soft moving sounds and heavenly airs  
Give force to every word and recommend our prayers.”  
— *From Addison's "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day."*

THE earliest knowledge of the song that we possess comes from its connection with the Church. It is well established that the old heathen songs, like many of the heathen festivals, were appropriated by the Church, and subjected to change so as to adapt them to the service. A writer in Grove's *Dictionary* shows that there is a strong affinity, for instance, between the old Easter hymn, "O filii et filiae," and a heathen May Day song. The first sacred music regularly established in the service was the "Plain Song," which was unmeasured music, and the hymn, which was measured, and, of course, the favorite of the two. It is with the hymn I am dealing in this chapter. Who sang the first one? Was it Tubal-

Cain in his smithy, or Jubal, "father of all such as handle the harp and the organ"? Or, shall we go farther back to the time "when the morning stars sang together and all the Sons of God shouted for joy"? The Bible is full of songs one might well wish to have heard: the song of triumph by Moses and the Children of Israel over the catastrophe to Pharaoh's host, echoed by Miriam and "all the women" to the accompaniment of their dulcimers; the song of Deborah and Barak for the avenging of Israel; David's song of thanksgiving to the Lord for his deliverance from the hands of Saul, his Twenty-third Psalm ( "The Lord is my shepherd" ), and that of Moses, the Ninetieth ( "Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations" ); the "new song which He hath put in my mouth," mentioned in the Fortieth Psalm; the songs of the Israelites in the desert; and the songs they could not sing when they hanged their harps on the willows of Babylon, for "how shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land"; Mary's exultant song, "My soul doth magnify the Lord"; that wonderful shout of the multitude of the heavenly host, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men"; Zacharias' "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel"; the songs of Paul and Silas in prison; and those sublime choruses in the Revelation — the song of the twenty elders and the chorus of angels round about the throne; the songs of the one hundred and forty and four harpers which only the redeemed knew; the songs of those on the sea of glass who have overcome the beast; and that final

majestic song, "Alleluia, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."

It was the old medieval monks and the ecclesiastics of the Dark Ages who wrote the hymns of the period, and preserved and handed them down to the generations succeeding. Seven centuries ago Tommaso da Celano, a Franciscan friar, wrote the wonderfully impressive "Dies Irae." Eight centuries ago the monk, Bernard of Cluny, wrote "Jerusalem, the Golden," and Saint Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux, in the same century, left numerous hymns. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, who has been called the "Father of Church Song," introduced antiphonal singing and wrote many hymns. Charlemagne, who was not a bishop but professed to be a Christian, was a sacred song writer. Saint Gregory established the Gregorian music which has been connected with the Roman service since his day and latterly has come into such favor it is not unlikely that the pure Gregorian chants and hymns will be restored to the use of the Roman Church everywhere. Late in the sixteenth century, however, the influence of the Renaissance tended to liberate the song from its rigid lines. Secular music asserted itself and songs for the solo voice of a more spontaneous and untechnical kind largely took the place of ecclesiastical song of the conventional style.

In Germany the old Latin hymns inspired Luther to produce his church songs, and soon the chorale as developed by Bach spread all over that country. To this day Martin Luther's chorale, "Ein feste Berg

ist unser Gott," has retained its popularity and is regarded by every German as one of his priceless musical treasures. In England hymnody began with the rendering of the Psalms into the English tongue. In the course of time hymns took the place of the metrical Psalms. In the eighteenth century, however, they were frequently set to music anything but decorous, and suffered accordingly, but in the nineteenth century there was a decided change for the better. Many of the trashy hymns were discarded and the work of revision, which is still going on both in England and in this country, was begun. Strong objections have been made by prominent clergymen of nearly every denomination to both text and music of many hymns.

The Christmas Carol is one of the most favorite forms of the Hymn. The earliest known carols, or noels, belong to France and Germany. A carol, "Prose de l'ane," dating back to the twelfth century, in France, has been preserved, as well as two carols of the thirteenth century in Germany, "Wir loben all'des Kindelein" and "Der Tag der ist so freundlich." In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries many carols were written in Italy, Giovanni Maria Nanini and Luca Marenzio being among the prominent composers. One of the oldest Italian noels is the "Adeste Fideles" ("Oh Come, all ye faithful"), written in the thirteenth century by Saint Bonaventura, an Italian monk. Its modern musical setting was made by John Reading, organist of Winchester Cathedral, England, where it was first sung in the latter part of the

seventeenth century. The Latin and English versions are appended:

“Adeste Fideles,  
Laeti triumphantes,  
Venite, venite in Bethlehem,  
Natum videte, Regem angelorum.

“Venite adoremus,  
Venite adoremus,  
Venite adoremus Dominum.”

“Oh! come, all ye faithful,  
Joyful and triumphant,  
Oh! come, oh! come ye to Bethlehem,  
See the new-born Saviour King of all the angels.

“Oh! come, let us adore Him,  
Oh! come, let us adore Him,  
Oh! come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.”

The English Christmas Carols are of two kinds, those of a serious character, sung from door to door on Christmas Eve, and those of a lighter nature, adapted for festival gatherings and often sung to dance tunes. Four of the oldest and best known are, “God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen,” “A Virgin Most Pure,” “The First Noel,” and “The Boar’s Head Carol.” The old text and melody of each of these are still in use in England, for unlike the experience of most others of the old songs, no attempt has been made to modernize them. They are simply reproductions of medieval noels. “The Boar’s Head Carol,” dating

back many centuries, is sung at Oxford every Christmas and the bringing in of the boar's head is accompanied with impressive ceremonies.

"The boar's head in hand bear I,  
Bedecked with bays and rosemary,  
And I pray you, my masters, be merry,  
Quot estis in convivio.

*Chorus:*

"Caput apri defero,  
Reddens laudes Domino.

"The boar's head, as I understand,  
Is the bravest dish in all the land,  
When thus bedecked with a gay garland,  
Let us servire cantico.

"Our steward hath provided this  
In honour of the King of Bliss,  
Which on this day to be served is  
In regimensi atrio."

The history of the hymn in this country dates back to the Colonial period. The Puritans brought with them the hymn collections of Ainsworth, the *Ravenscroft Psalter*, and the *Sternhold and Hopkins Psalmody*, which fell into disuse, however, after the appearance of the *Bay Psalm Book*, the second book printed in the Colonies, in 1640. This book, however, was purely English in its contents, the tunes having been compiled by a number of clergymen from Playford's *Introduction to Skill of Musick and Whole Book of Psalms*. Various editions of this work were issued

during the next sixty years. Then appeared a long list of psalm books, many of them printed in Newburyport, Massachusetts, but all of them based upon the English collections. One of them, *The Collection of Psalm Tunes*, made by Josiah Flagg, is specially noticeable, not only because it was the first book printed upon paper made in the Colonies, but also because the engraving was the work of Paul Revere, who made the memorable ride to Concord.

In 1770, William Billings, a Boston tanner, wrote not only the first hymn but the first music of any kind in this country. He knew nothing of counterpoint and little about the laws of harmony, but his stirring hymns, anthems, and lyrics had a virility, sonority, and native quality which made them superior to the transplanted English music, in popular effect, if not in learning. Billings was an intimate friend of that sturdy patriot, Samuel Adams, and the two often sang together in church to the accompaniment of the "bull fiddle." One of Billings' tunes, "Chester," was a great favorite with Adams, as it was of a religio-patriotic character. It runs:

" Let tyrants shake their iron rod  
And Slavery clank her galling chains;  
We'll fear them not, we'll trust in God,  
New England's God forever reigns.

" The foe comes on with haughty stride,  
Our troops advance with martial noise;  
Their veterans flee before our arms,  
And generals yield to beardless boys."

“Chester,” like many others of Billings’ compositions, was soon a favorite hymn at every fireside as well as in the camps. Thus the father of the town meeting and the father of American psalmody inflamed the New England patriots. During a period of twenty-four years, Billings published six collections of hymns in which nearly all the tunes were of his own composition. *The New England Psalm Singer* was the first of them, and in his preface Billings thus naïvely invites Britain and the Colonies to sing the tunes:

“O praise the Lord with one consent,  
And in this grand design,  
Let Britain and the Colonies  
Unanimously jine.”

His most enduring anthem is “Majesty”; crude it may be, but original from first note to last; old-fashioned it may be, but sonorous as its majestic text:

“The Lord descended from above  
And bowed the heavens most high;  
And underneath His feet He cast  
The darkness of the sky.  
On cherub and on cherubims,  
Full royally He rode,  
And on the wings of mighty winds,  
Came flying all abroad.”  
— “*Singing Master’s Assistant*,” 1788.

Billings died a poor man and left a destitute family. It is not pleasant to contemplate this sad ending of the

life of the man who, though unskilled in the musical art, had the courage, persistency, originality, and patriotic resolution to cut loose from the domination of English music and give his country native music, and who prepared the way for a host of successors who prospered by building upon the foundations which he had laid. It is not pleasant to remember that no bust or portrait of the first American composer has been placed in our halls of fame, or in any hall dedicated to music.

Billings established what may be called a school of music in the Colonies, but soon decided opposition was made to his system, as well as to his hymns and psalms. It was argued they were not sacred because he adapted secular music to sacred words. Numerous singing schools were organized and psalmody teachers traveled from town to town, teaching or peddling new collections of hymns. At last learned musicians began to appear and the hymn was placed upon a higher and more enduring basis. Music was once more imported from Europe and the influence of Handel, Haydn, and other oratorio composers upon American psalmody began to be felt. Singing schools, conducted by musical scholars, and regularly organized choirs of trained musicians, accompanied by organs instead of fiddles, were found everywhere, and had a most important effect upon the evolution of the hymn. Sacred music unquestionably reached its highest success nearly half a century ago. Since then it has declined, largely owing to its intermixture with secular music. People

have grown tired of the old-fashioned tunes, or "Pennyroyal" as they were popularly termed, and the old-fashioned verse of Wesley, Watts, and others, and no new hymn writers appear. Even the oratorio seems to have lost its attraction. The "Messiah" gets a hearing in the Christmas season in a few cities. A little Pennsylvania town holds a Bach festival once a year. Now and then a musical society ventures to give "The Creation" or "The Elijah." The hymn has fallen upon the evil days of opera, musical comedy, rag time, tango, and the kakophonics of the futurists. What is to be its fate? Perhaps it will yet reappear in some new and enduring form. Real song never dies.

The best known English and American hymns are "Rock of Ages," "Abide with Me," "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," "Rise, My Soul," "Old Hundred," "Lead, Kindly Light," "Onward, Christian Soldiers," "Nearer, My God, to Thee," "Flee as a Bird," "How Firm a Foundation," "Jerusalem, the Golden," "Softly Now the Light of Day," "In the Sweet By-and-By," "Come, Thou Almighty King," "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," "Pleyel's Hymn," "Thou art Gone to the Grave," "Canaan," "When I can Read my Title Clear," "When Our Heads are Bowed with Woe," "Watchman, Tell us of the Night," "'Come,' said Jesus, Sacred Voice," "Brightest and Best of the Sons of the Morning," and "By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill," as well as many of Sankey's and Fanny Crosby's gospel songs which have become classics in the evangelists' repertoires.

A few of these deserve somewhat detailed consideration. Stately "Old Hundred," which has done such good service so many years in the Protestant Church, was originally composed to the one hundred and thirty-fourth Psalm, but was subsequently sung in the Church of England to the hundredth, whence its title. It has not been definitely settled who is entitled to the honor of its composition, but the weight of testimony ascribes it to Guillaume le France, a Rouen musician. The old long meter tune, when sung by a large congregation with organ accompaniment, simple as it is, has an effect of sublimity.

"Rise, My Soul, and Stretch Thy Wings," was written by Rev. Robert Seagram, a clergyman of the Established Church of England, who withdrew from that church in 1736 because of his dissatisfaction with the actions of the clergy, and joined the Methodists. He wrote over fifty hymns, but "Rise, My Soul," is the best known of them all. It is set to the tune of "Amsterdam," composed by Dr. Nares, and though nearly two centuries old, is still in use.

The words of "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," known as the "Missionary Hymn," were written by Bishop Reginald Heber, who was famed for his missionary zeal. The tune was written by Lowell Mason, offhand, at the request of a lady who sent him the words in 1823.

"Abide with me, fast falls the Eventide," was written by Henry Francis Lyte, a minister of the Church of England, in 1845. The hymn has a mourn-

ful interest attached to it. The writer's health failed in that year so rapidly that he was obliged to go to the Mediterranean shores, where he soon died. It seems, therefore, to have been a personal appeal, and, in turn, has had its consolations for many a sufferer. It was composed on Sunday, as was Cardinal Newman's well known hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light." The Cardinal wrote his hymn at a time when he was suffering from the effect of malarial fever and severe mental depression, "amid the enclosing gloom." Unlike Lyte's hymn, Newman's was the result of long and careful labor. The music was composed by Dr. John B. Dykes, of London. Tractarianism and Puseyism and the considerations which led Cardinal Newman to join the Oxford movement and finally to leave the English Church and enter the Roman Catholic Church, in which he rose to the cardinalship, are now only matters of dry theological history. But the beautiful hymn he wrote that Sunday morning still remains as fresh and vital as ever. As a funeral hymn it is still a great favorite by reason of its inspiring hope and spirituality.

"Onward, Christian Soldiers," the words written by Rev. S. Baring-Gould and the music by Sir Arthur Sullivan, has become the processional hymn the Christian world over, and has even been used on secular occasions by reason of its spirited and impressive martial music. It is a favorite with all great assemblages — religious bodies, temperance societies, Christian Endeavor workers, Knights Templar, and the Salvation Army. It is the modern Crusaders' song. It was

originally written in 1865 for a school festival near Harbury, England, where Baring-Gould was curate at that time.

"Jesus, Lover of My Soul" is Charles Wesley's best known hymn. It is set to the tune of "Martyn," composed by Simeon B. Marsh, of Amsterdam, New York. The tune was originally adapted to the words, "Mary to Her Saviour's Tomb, hastened at the early Dawn." Dr. Thomas Hastings, the well known hymn composer, a friend of Marsh, discovered that the tune was much better adapted to the words, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," and secured Marsh's consent to make the change. It so appears in the well known Hastings' collection of hymns.

The text of "Rock of Ages" was written by Augustus Montague Toplady and the music by Thomas Hastings. The story is told that Toplady, who was a priest at the early age of twenty-one and subsequently curate of Fairleigh in England, was walking near his home one day with a friend, when they were overtaken by a fierce thunderstorm. They took refuge in the cleft of a large rock, and while waiting there for the storm to subside, he wrote, in a moment of inspiration, the words of "Rock of Ages." Toplady died at the early age of thirty-six, but the song still remains a popular favorite, though one hundred and thirty-eight years have passed since that day in the cleft of the rock. Few hymns have been greater favorites. Gladstone translated it into three languages. It was on the lips of that dashing Confederate cavalry leader, Gen-

eral Stuart, as he lay dying, and was also among the last words of Prince Albert, husband of Queen Victoria. It is reported that it was sung by those on board the steamer *London*, in 1866, when it sank in the Bay of Biscay, as "Nearer, My God, to Thee" is reported to have been played by the heroic musicians of the *Titanic* as it sank, April 13, 1912.

This most famous of all modern hymns is not as old as the "Rock of Ages." It was written by Sarah Flower Adams in 1841 at her English home, the poem being suggested to her by the story of Jacob's vision at Bethel, as contained in Genesis 28. It was published the same year, but it was not until 1860, when Dr. Lowell Mason set it to his "Bethany," that it was quickened into life and found its way to the hearts of the people, both in this country and abroad. Probably no hymn ever written has been more widely sung or truly loved. At the Gilmore Peace Jubilee in Boston in 1872, where it was sung by thousands of voices, the effect of the simple, sweet, and sympathetic melody was almost overpowering. At the Christian Endeavor convention in Philadelphia in 1900, its delivery by fifteen hundred trained singers was a thrilling event. Its opening words were the last intelligible words of the late President McKinley, and it was sung at his funeral, while for the space of five minutes the American people bowed their heads in respectful silence. It has also been translated into numerous languages. The words have thus been changed, but "Bethany" belongs to the universal language, and its strains have been heard the world over.

It is generally believed, and it will always remain the belief, that the *Titanic* sank as its eight hero musicians were playing this hymn. The wireless operator of the sunken liner thinks it was "Autumn," the Episcopalian hymn, beginning "God of mercy and compassion," that was played. The testimony of survivors, however, seems to confirm the statement that it was "Nearer, My God, to Thee" that was played by the eight heroes, Krinz, Hume, Taylor, Woodward, Clark, Bralley, Breyeux, and Hartley, as the sea closed over the doomed vessel — the most heroic deed in musical history. Whether it were "Autumn" or "Nearer, My God, to Thee," sacred song was the *Titanic's* last sacrament, and after the catastrophe came the "still, small voice." I give the text of the world-famous hymn complete.

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee,  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me,  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

"Though like a wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone,  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

“ There let the way appear  
Steps unto Heaven;  
All that thou send'st me  
In mercy given.  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

“ Then with my waking thoughts,  
Bright with Thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs,  
Bethel, I'll raise;  
So, by my woes, to be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

“ Or, if on joyful wing,  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly,  
Still all my song shall be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.”

Henry Ward Beecher's tribute to the Hymn in general makes a fitting close to this chapter: “Hymns are the jewels which the Church has worn, the pearls, the diamonds, the precious stones formed into amulets more potent against sorrow and sadness than the most famous charm of the wizard or the magician. And he who knows the way that hymns flowed, knows where the blood of true piety ran, and can trace its veins and arteries to the very heart.”

## CADENZA

Sixty-four years ago — to be more explicit, on the night of October 7, 1850 — at which time I was a student at Brown University, I attended a concert in Providence. The singer came gracefully forward to the footlights. She was of medium height and girlish figure, with fair hair and blue eyes, gowned in velvet, and wearing no ornament but a single red rose in her hair. She sang the "Casta Diva" from "Norma," and several other operatic selections, but the one number that remains with me is the old song, the "Herdsman's," or "Echo Song." Long after the Jenny Lind fever had subsided, George William Curtis wrote: "The youths of her day have borne her to their hearts across a generation and their hearts still rise at the mention of her name, as the Garde du Roi sprang up cheering to their feet when the Queen appeared." I was one of those youths, and I have borne her in my heart and memory across two generations as the one peerless song singer I have heard on the concert stage. As I lay down the pen, and cast a longing look backward, once more the refrain of an old song haunts me:

"Ah! the days when we went gypsying  
A long time ago."

## APPENDIX

### THE OLD FAMILIAR SONGS

THE following is a list of the old songs in English which are best known and have longest been popular favorites, with the names of the composers appended. A few songs, not originally written in English but which are as familiar as household words, as well as some of the most popular opera lyrics, which may be of value for reference, are included in the list.

#### LOVE SONGS

<i>Allan Water</i> . . . . .	C. E. HORN
<i>And Ye shall walk in silk Attire</i> .	UNCERTAIN
<i>An die ferne Geliebte</i> . . . . .	BEETHOVEN
<i>Annie Laurie</i> . . . . .	LADY JOHN SCOTT
<i>Auld Robin Gray</i> . . . . .	WILLIAM LEVES
<i>Barbara Allen</i> . . . . .	UNKNOWN
<i>Believe Me, if all those Endearing</i> <i>young Charms</i> . . . . .	THOMAS MOORE
<i>Black Eyed Susan</i> . . . . .	RICHARD LEVERIDGE
<i>Bonnie Doon</i> . . . . .	UNKNOWN
<i>Bridal Song ("Lohengrin")</i> . .	WAGNER
<i>Celest' Aida ("Aida")</i> . . . . .	VERDI
<i>Charley is my Darling</i> . . . . .	OLD SCOTCH AIR
<i>Clochette</i> . . . . .	J. L. MOLLOY

<i>Comin' thro' the Rye</i> . . . . .	UNKNOWN
<i>County Guy</i> . . . . .	MOZART
<i>Douglas, Tender and True</i> . . . . .	LADY JOHN SCOTT
<i>Eileen Aroon</i> . . . . .	OLD IRISH AIR
<i>Evening Star ("Tannhauser")</i> . . . . .	WAGNER
<i>Ever of Thee</i> . . . . .	FOLEY HALL
<i>Gaily the Troubadour</i> . . . . .	THOMAS H. BRAYLEY
<i>Good-bye, Sweetheart</i> . . . . .	J. L. HATTON
<i>Highland Mary</i> . . . . .	UNCERTAIN
<i>I Attempt from Love's Sickness to fly</i> . . . . .	HENRY PURCELL
<i>In Old Madrid</i> . . . . .	H. TROTTERE
<i>I dreamt I dwelt in marble Halls. ("The Bohemian Girl")</i> . . . . .	BALFE
<i>I have lost my Eurydice ("Or- pheus")</i> . . . . .	GLUCK
<i>I'll hang my Harp on a Willow Tree</i> . . . . .	M. GREVES
<i>I'm sitting on the Stile, Mary</i> . . . . .	W. S. DEMPSTER
<i>I wandered by the Brookside</i> . . . . .	JAMES HINE
<i>Jeanette and Jeannot</i> . . . . .	CHARLES A. GLOVER
<i>Jeannie Morrison</i> . . . . .	W. R. DEMPSTER
<i>Jewel Song ("Faust")</i> . . . . .	GOUNOD
<i>Jessie, the Flower of Dumblane</i> . . . . .	R. A. SMITH
<i>Jock o' Hazeldean</i> . . . . .	OLD ENGLISH AIR
<i>John Anderson, My Jo John</i> . . . . .	OLD ENGLISH AIR
<i>Kate Kearney</i> . . . . .	UNCERTAIN
<i>Kathleen Mavourneen</i> . . . . .	F. W. A. CROUCH
<i>Lass of Richmond Hill</i> . . . . .	THEODORE HOOK
<i>Lochaber no more</i> . . . . .	OLD IRISH AIR
<i>Love not</i> . . . . .	JOHN BROCKLEY
<i>Low-backed car</i> . . . . .	SAMUEL LOVER
<i>Maid of Athens</i> . . . . .	ISAAC NATHAN

<i>Mary of Argyle</i> . . . . .	SIDNEY NELSON
<i>Mary of the wild Moor</i> . . . . .	JOSEPH W. TURNER
<i>Meet me by Moonlight</i> . . . . .	J. A. WADE
<i>Nae Luck about the House</i> . . . . .	UNCERTAIN
<i>O, Nannie, wilt Thou gang wi' me</i>	THOMAS CARTER
<i>O, wert thou in the cauld Blast</i> . . . . .	MENDELSSOHN
<i>O, Whisper what thou feelest</i> ( <i>"Crown Diamonds"</i> ) . . . . .	AUBER
<i>Robin Adair</i> . . . . .	OLD SCOTCH AIR
<i>Roll on, Silver Moon</i> . . . . .	JOSEPH W. TURNER
<i>Sally in our Alley</i> . . . . .	HENRY CAREY
<i>Salve dimora ("Faust")</i> . . . . .	GOUNOD
<i>She wore a Wreath of Roses</i> . . . . .	J. P. KNIGHT
<i>Take back the Heart</i> . . . . .	MRS. CHARLES BARNARD
<i>The Beating of my own Heart</i> . . . . .	G. A. MACFARREN
<i>The Bridal of Andalla</i> . . . . .	MRS. ARKWRIGHT
<i>The Girl I left behind me</i> . . . . .	OLD IRISH AIR
<i>The Rose of Allandale</i> . . . . .	SIDNEY NELSON
<i>'Twas within a mile of Edinboro</i>	
<i>Town</i> . . . . .	JAMES HOOK
<i>Thou hast wounded the Spirit</i> . . . . .	MRS. PORTER
<i>Wait for the Wagon</i> . . . . .	R. B. BUCKLEY
<i>We're a noddin'</i> . . . . .	UNKNOWN
<i>We'd better bide a wee</i> . . . . .	CLARIBEL
<i>When other Lips and other Hearts</i>	
( <i>"The Bohemian Girl"</i> ) . . . . .	BALFE
<i>We sat by the River</i> . . . . .	CLARIBEL
<i>When Stars are in the quiet Skies</i> . . . . .	UNCERTAIN
<i>When the swallows homeward fly</i> . . . . .	ABT
<i>You and I</i> . . . . .	CLARIBEL

## SONGS OF SENTIMENT

<i>Ah! 'tis a Dream</i> . . . . .	LASSEN
<i>Am Meer</i> . . . . .	SCHUBERT
<i>Araby's Daughter</i> . . . . .	E. KIALLMARK
<i>Auld Lang Syne</i> . . . . .	OLD SCOTCH AIR
<i>A Warrior bold</i> . . . . .	STEPHEN ADAMS
<i>Bell Song ("Lakme")</i> . . . . .	DELIBES
<i>Ben Bolt</i> . . . . .	NELSON KNEASS
<i>Bid me discourse</i> . . . . .	BISHOP
<i>Bingen on the Rhine</i> . . . . .	JUDSON HUTCHINSON
<i>Blondel's Song</i> . . . . .	SCHUMANN
<i>Blue Eyed Mary</i> . . . . .	UNCERTAIN
<i>Caller Herrin</i> . . . . .	NIEL GOW
<i>Cherry Ripe</i> . . . . .	CHARLES HORN
<i>Come back to Erin</i> . . . . .	CLARIBEL
<i>Do they miss me at Home</i> . . . . .	S. M. GRANNIS
<i>Evening Star ("Tannhauser")</i> . . . . .	WAGNER
<i>Faded Flowers</i> . . . . .	SCHUBERT
<i>Fair Land of Poland ("The Bohemian Girl")</i> . . . . .	BALFE
<i>Flow gently, Sweet Afton</i> . . . . .	J. E. SPILMAN
<i>Gaudeamus igitur</i> . . . . .	UNKNOWN
<i>Good-bye</i> . . . . .	J. E. ENGELBRECHT
<i>Grandfather's Clock</i> . . . . .	H. C. WORK
<i>Green grow the Rashes, O</i> . . . . .	UNKNOWN
<i>Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel</i> . . . . .	SCHUBERT
<i>Highland Mary</i> . . . . .	UNCERTAIN
<i>Home again</i> . . . . .	M. S. PIKE
<i>Home, Sweet Home</i> . . . . .	HENRY BISHOP
<i>I cannot sing the old Songs</i> . . . . .	CLARIBEL
<i>I hear It again ("Maritana")</i> . . . . .	WALLACE

<i>I'll not complain</i> . . . . .	SCHUMANN
<i>In happy Moments</i> (" <i>Maritana</i> ")	WALLACE
<i>In Questa Tomba</i> . . . . .	BEETHOVEN
<i>In the Forest</i> . . . . .	SCHUMANN
<i>In these holy Halls</i> (" <i>The Magic Flute</i> ") . . . . .	MOZART
<i>Killarney</i> . . . . .	BALFE
<i>Know'st thou the Land</i> (" <i>Mignon</i> ")	THOMAS
<i>La donna e mobile</i> (" <i>Rigoletto</i> ")	VERDI
<i>Listen to the Mocking Bird</i> . . . .	SEPTIMUS WINNER
<i>Long, long Ago</i> . . . . .	T. H. BAYLEY
<i>Lullaby</i> (" <i>Erminie</i> ") . . . . .	JAKOBOWSKY
<i>My Mother bids Me bind my Hair</i> .	HAYDN
<i>Near the Lake where drooped the Willow</i> . . . . .	C. E. HORN
<i>O, dear, what can the Matter be</i> . .	UNKNOWN
<i>O fair Dove, O fond Dove</i> . . . .	A. L. GATTY
<i>Oft in the stilly Night</i> . . . . .	W. STEPHENSON
<i>On the Wings of Song</i> . . . . .	MENDELSSOHN
<i>On yonder Rock reclining</i> (" <i>Fra Diavolo</i> ") . . . . .	AUBER
<i>O, Would I were a Boy again</i> . . .	FRANK ROWE
<i>Prize Song</i> (" <i>Die Meistersinger</i> ")	WAGNER
<i>Prologue</i> (" <i>I Pagliacci</i> ") . . . .	LEONCAVALLO
<i>Rock Me to Sleep, Mother</i> . . . . .	UNCERTAIN
<i>Rory O'Moore</i> . . . . .	SAMUEL LOVER
<i>Roy's Wife of Aldivalla</i> . . . . .	NIEL GOW
<i>Serenade</i> . . . . .	SCHUBERT
<i>Silver Threads among the Gold</i> . . .	H. P. DANKS
<i>Simon the Cellarer</i> . . . . .	J. L. HATTON
<i>Spring Song</i> (" <i>Die Walkure</i> ") . .	WAGNER
<i>Sweet and low</i> . . . . .	JOSEPH BARNBY

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<i>Sweet Home</i> . . . . .	BISHOP
<i>Tannenbaum</i> . . . . .	OLD GERMAN AIR
<i>Tell Me, Ye winged Winds</i> . . . .	CIPRIANO GOORIN
<i>The Arrow and the Song</i> . . . .	BALFE
<i>The Better Land</i> . . . . .	MRS. ARKWRIGHT
<i>The bould Soger Boy</i> . . . . .	SAMUEL LOVER
<i>The Blue Bells of Scotland</i> . . . .	OLD SCOTCH AIR
<i>The Brooklet</i> . . . . .	E. J. LODER
<i>The Brave Old Oak</i> . . . . .	E. J. LODER
<i>The Blue Alsatian Mountains</i> . . .	STEPHEN ADAMS
<i>The Blue Juniata</i> . . . . .	F. H. BAYLEY
<i>The Danube River</i> . . . . .	HAMILTON AIDE
<i>The dearest Spot on Earth</i> . . . .	W. F. WRIGHT
<i>The Erl King</i> . . . . .	SCHUBERT
<i>The fine old English Gentlemen</i> . .	OLD ENGLISH AIR
<i>The first Violet</i> . . . . .	MENDELSSOHN
<i>The Harp that once through Tara's</i> <i>Halls</i> . . . . .	OLD IRISH AIR
<i>The Heart bowed down ("The Bo-</i> <i>hemian Girl")</i> . . . . .	BALFE
<i>The Ivy Green</i> . . . . .	HENRY RUSSELL
<i>The Kerry Dances</i> . . . . .	J. L. MALLOY
<i>The Lament of the Irish Emigrant</i> .	W. R. DEMPSTER
<i>The Land o' the Leal</i> . . . . .	OLD SCOTCH AIR
<i>The Last Rose of Summer</i> . . . .	OLD IRISH AIR
<i>The Little Tin Soldier</i> . . . . .	J. L. MALLOY
<i>The Lotos Flower</i> . . . . .	SCHUMANN
<i>The Minstrel Boy</i> . . . . .	THOMAS MOORE
<i>The Mistletoe Bough</i> . . . . .	BISHOP
<i>The Nut Tree</i> . . . . .	SCHUMANN
<i>The Old Arm Chair</i> . . . . .	HENRY RUSSELL
<i>The Old Oaken Bucket</i> . . . . .	ARRANGED

<i>The Old Sexton</i> . . . . .	HENRY RUSSELL
<i>The Pauper's Drive</i> . . . . .	J. J. HUTCHINSON
<i>The Pilgrim Fathers</i> . . . . .	MISS BROWNE
<i>The Rose that all are praising</i> . . . . .	E. J. LODER
<i>The Ship on Fire</i> . . . . .	HENRY RUSSELL
<i>The Vacant Chair</i> . . . . .	GEORGE F. ROOT
<i>The Vicar of Bray</i> . . . . .	OLD ENGLISH AIR
<i>The Violet</i> . . . . .	MOZART
<i>The Young Nun</i> . . . . .	SCHUBERT
<i>The Wanderer</i> . . . . .	SCHUBERT
<i>There's a good Time coming</i> . . . . .	UNCERTAIN
<i>There's Music in the Air</i> . . . . .	GEORGE F. ROOT
<i>Those Evening Bells</i> . . . . .	ARRANGED
<i>Thou art like a Flower</i> . . . . .	SCHUMANN
<i>Toreador's Song ("Carmen")</i> . . . . .	BIZET
<i>'Twas within a Mile o' Edinboro'</i> <i>Town</i> . . . . .	JAMES HOOK
<i>Voi che sapete ("Marriage of Fig-</i> <i>aro")</i> . . . . .	MOZART
<i>Wait for the Wagon</i> . . . . .	R. R. BUCKLEY
<i>When the Fair Land of Poland</i> <i>("The Bohemian Girl")</i> . . . . .	BALFE
<i>Widmung</i> . . . . .	SCHUMANN
<i>Woodman, Spare that Tree</i> . . . . .	HENRY RUSSELL
<i>Yes, Let me Like a Soldier fall</i> <i>("Maritana")</i> . . . . .	WALLACE

PATRIOTIC SONGS

<i>Adams and Liberty</i> . . . . .	OLD ENGLISH AIR
<i>America</i> . . . . .	HENRY CAREY
<i>Battle Hymn of the Republic</i> . . . . .	J. E. GREENLEAF

<i>Battle Cry of Freedom</i> . . . . .	GEORGE F. ROOT
<i>Blue Bonnets over the Border</i> . . . . .	OLD SCOTCH AIR
<i>Bonnie Dundee</i> . . . . .	OLD SCOTCH AIR
<i>British Grenadiers</i> . . . . .	UNKNOWN
<i>Ca Ira</i> . . . . .	M. BECOURT
<i>Chant du Depart</i> . . . . .	MEHUL
<i>Cheer, boys, cheer</i> . . . . .	CHARLES MACKAY
<i>Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean</i> . . . . .	D. F. SHAW
<i>Die Wacht am Rhein</i> . . . . .	CARL WILHELM
<i>Dixie</i> . . . . .	DANIEL D. EMMETT
<i>Deutschland über alles</i> . . . . .	HAYDN
<i>Down among the dead Men</i> . . . . .	UNKNOWN
<i>Emperor's Hymn</i> . . . . .	HAYDN
<i>Follow the Drum</i> . . . . .	DEXTER SMITH
<i>God Save the King</i> . . . . .	HENRY CAREY
<i>Hail Columbia</i> . . . . .	F. HOPKINSON
<i>Heil dir im Sieges Kranz</i> . . . . .	HENRY CAREY
<i>Hurrah for the Old Flag</i> . . . . .	DEXTER SMITH
<i>John Brown's Body</i> . . . . .	W. STEFFE
<i>King Christian stood</i> . . . . .	JOHANNES EWALD
<i>La Marseillaise</i> . . . . .	ROUGET DE LISLE
<i>March of the Sons of Harlech</i> . . . . .	JOSEPH BARNBY
<i>Marching through Georgia</i> . . . . .	HENRY CLAY WORK
<i>Marlborough</i> . . . . .	UNKNOWN
<i>Maryland, my Maryland</i> . . . . .	OLD GERMAN AIR
<i>Partant pour la Syrie</i> . . . . .	QUEEN HORTENSE
<i>Rally round the Flag</i> . . . . .	WILLIAM B. BRADBURY
<i>Rule Britannia</i> . . . . .	THOMAS ARNE
<i>Russian Hymn</i> . . . . .	M. LVOV
<i>Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled</i> . . . . .	OLD SCOTCH AIR
<i>Star Spangled Banner</i> . . . . .	OLD ENGLISH AIR
<i>St. Patrick's Day</i> . . . . .	M. J. BURY

<i>Tenting on the Old Camp Ground</i>	WALTER KITTREDGE
<i>The Bonnie Blue Flag</i>	HENRY MCCARTHY
<i>The Campbells are Coming</i>	OLD SCOTCH AIR
<i>The Maple Leaf forever</i>	ALEXANDER MUIR
<i>The Marseillaise</i>	ROUGET DE LISLE
<i>The Roast Beef of Old England</i>	RICHARD LEVEREDGE
<i>The Sword of Bunker Hill</i>	B. S. COVERT
<i>The Two Grenadiers</i>	SCHUMANN
<i>The Watch on the Rhine</i>	CARL WILHELM
<i>Tramp, Tramp, Tramp</i>	GEORGE F. ROOT
<i>Tullochgorum</i>	JOHN SKINNER
<i>We are Coming, Father Abraham</i>	LUTHER O. EMERSON
<i>Was ist der Deutscher Vaterland</i>	UNKNOWN
<i>Wearing o' the Green</i>	DION BOUCICAULT
<i>What's a' the Steer Kimmer</i>	UNKNOWN
<i>When Johnny comes Marching Home</i>	P. S. GILMORE
<i>Yankee Doodle</i>	UNKNOWN

#### NEGRO SONGS

<i>Coal Black Rose</i>	DAN RICE
<i>Dandy Jim</i>	DAN RICE
<i>Darling Nelly Gray</i>	H. R. HANLY
<i>Jim Crow</i>	DAN RICE
<i>Louisiana Belle</i>	S. C. FOSTER
<i>Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground</i>	S. C. FOSTER
<i>My Old Kentucky Home</i>	S. C. FOSTER
<i>O Boys, Carry Me 'Long</i>	S. C. FOSTER
<i>Old Black Joe</i>	S. C. FOSTER
<i>Old Dan Tucker</i>	UNKNOWN
<i>Old Dog Tray</i>	S. C. FOSTER
<i>Old Folks at Home</i>	S. C. FOSTER

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<i>Old Uncle Ned</i> . . . . .	S. C. FOSTER
<i>O Susanna</i> . . . . .	S. C. FOSTER
<i>Wake Nicodemus</i> . . . . .	H. C. WORK

## SEA SONGS

<i>A Life on the Ocean Wave</i> . . .	HENRY RUSSELL
<i>A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea</i> .	F. H. FRENCH
<i>By the Sad Sea Waves</i> . . . .	J. BENEDICT
<i>Canadian Boat Song</i> . . . . .	THOMAS MOORE
<i>Captain Kidd</i> . . . . .	UNKNOWN
<i>Nancy Lee</i> . . . . .	STEPHEN ADAMS
<i>Poor Jack</i> . . . . .	CHARLES DIBDIN
<i>Poor Tom</i> . . . . .	CHARLES DIBDIN
<i>Rockaway</i> . . . . .	HENRY RUSSELL
<i>Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep</i> .	J. P. KNIGHT
<i>Sailing</i> . . . . .	GODFREY MARKS
<i>Sea Songs</i> . . . . .	EDWARD ELGAR
<i>The Bay of Biscay</i> . . . . .	JOHN DAVY
<i>The Jolly Young Waterman</i> . . .	CHARLES DIBDIN
<i>The Lass that Loves a Sailor</i> . .	CHARLES DIBDIN
<i>The Midshipmite</i> . . . . .	STEPHEN ADAMS
<i>The Minute Gun at Sea</i> . . . .	M. P. KING
<i>The Sands o' Dee</i> . . . . .	FRANCIS BOOT
<i>The Sea</i> . . . . .	SIGISMUND NEUKOMM
<i>The Stormy Winds do Blow</i> . . .	UNKNOWN
<i>The White Squall</i> . . . . .	GEORGE A. PARKER
<i>Three Fishers</i> . . . . .	JOHN HULLAH
<i>Tom Bowling</i> . . . . .	CHARLES DIBDIN
<i>Trancadillo</i> . . . . .	F. H. BROWNE
<i>Wapping Old Stairs</i> . . . . .	OLD ENGLISH AIR
<i>What are the Wild Waves Saying</i> .	STEPHEN GLOVER
<i>Ye Mariners of England</i> . . . .	J. W. CALLCATT

HUNTING SONGS

- A Southerly Wind and a Cloudy Sky* . . . . . OLD ENGLISH AIR  
*Some Love to Roam* . . . . . HENRY RUSSELL  
*The Hunt is Up* . . . . . WILLIAM GREY

DRINKING SONGS

- Come Landlord, Fill the Flowing  
 Cup* . . . . . J. B. TAYLOR  
*Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes* . . . . . UNKNOWN  
*Farewell, but Whenever You Wel-  
 come the Hour* . . . . . OLD IRISH AIR  
*Fill the Bumper* . . . . . OLD IRISH AIR  
*Here's to the Maiden of Bashful  
 Fifteen* . . . . . R. B. SHERIDAN  
*Here's to old Porter, Brown and  
 Stout* . . . . . VON FLOTOW  
*How Stands the Glass Around* . . . . F. M. FINCH  
*Il Segreto per esse ("Lucrezia  
 Borgia")* . . . . . DONIZETTI  
*Ode to Anacreon* . . . . . UNKNOWN  
*Old King Cole* . . . . . OLD ENGLISH AIR  
*One Bumper at Parting* . . . . . OLD IRISH AIR  
*Smoking Away* . . . . . F. M. FINCH  
*Sparkling and Bright* . . . . . J. B. TAYLOR  
*The Year That's Awa* . . . . . OLD SCOTCH AIR  
*We won't Go Home 'till Morning* . . . . UNKNOWN  
*Wreathe the Bowl* . . . . . THOMAS MOORE

SACRED SONGS

- Abide with Me* . . . . . W. H. MONK  
*Adeste fideles* . . . . . JOHN READING

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<i>A Mighty Fortress is Our God</i> . . .	MARTIN LUTHER
<i>Ave Maria</i> . . . . .	BACH-GOUNOD
<i>Ave Maria</i> . . . . .	SCHUBERT
<i>Blest be the Tie that Binds</i> . . .	H. C. NAPLI
<i>Brightest and Best of the Sons of the</i> <i>Morning</i> . . . . .	MOZART
<i>Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove</i>	J. B. DYKES
<i>Come, Thou Almighty King</i> . . .	FELICE GIARDINI
<i>Come, Ye Disconsolate</i> . . . . .	SAMUEL WEBBE
<i>Coronation</i> . . . . .	OLIVER HOLDEN
<i>Die Allmacht</i> . . . . .	SCHUBERT
<i>Flee as a Bird</i> . . . . .	OLD GERMAN AIR
<i>From Greenland's Icy Mountains</i> .	LOWELL MASON
<i>Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken</i>	HAYDN
<i>Hark! The Herald Angels Sing</i> . .	MENDELSSOHN
<i>Hear Our Prayer</i> . . . . .	MENDELSSOHN
<i>Hold the Fort</i> . . . . .	P. P. BLISS
<i>Holy Night</i> . . . . .	HAYDN
<i>How Firm a Foundation</i> . . . . .	J. READING
<i>In the Sweet By-and-By</i> . . . . .	J. P. WEBSTER
<i>It Came upon the Midnight Clear</i> .	R. S. WILLIS
<i>Jerusalem the Golden</i> . . . . .	ALEXANDER EWING
<i>Jesus, Lover of My Soul</i> . . . . .	S. B. MARSH
<i>Jesus shall Reign</i> . . . . .	JOHN HATTON
<i>Jubilate</i> . . . . .	DUDLEY BUCK
<i>Lead, Kindly Light</i> . . . . .	J. B. DYKES
<i>My Faith Looks Up to Thee</i> . . .	LOWELL MASON
<i>My Mother's Bible</i> . . . . .	HENRY RUSSELL
<i>Nearer, My God, to Thee</i> . . . . .	LOWELL MASON
<i>O, Paradise</i> . . . . .	J. BARNBY
<i>O, God, Our Help in Ages Past</i> . .	WILLIAM CROFT
<i>Old Hundred</i> . . . . .	GUILLAUME DE FRANCE

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<i>Only an Armor Bearer</i>	. . .	P. P. BLISS
<i>Onward, Christian Soldiers</i>	. . .	ARTHUR SULLIVAN
<i>Pleyel's Hymn</i>	. . .	IGNAZ PLEYEL
<i>Rise, My Soul</i>	. . .	DR. NARES
<i>Rock of Ages</i>	. . .	THOMAS HASTINGS
<i>Savior, Again to Thy Dear Name</i>	. . .	E. J. HOPKINS
<i>Shall We Gather at the River</i>	. . .	ROBERT LOWRY
<i>Softly Now the Light of Day</i>	. . .	VON WEBER
<i>Sweet By-and-By</i>	. . .	J. P. WEBSTER
<i>Swing Low, Sweet Chariot</i>	. . .	SLAVE SONG
<i>The Better Land</i>	. . .	MRS. ARKWRIGHT
<i>The Lord is King</i>	. . .	DUDLEY BUCK
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<i>The Morning Light is Breaking</i>	. . .	GEORGE J. WEBBE
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